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SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1904.

WITH SUPPLEMENT: AT THE WORLD'S END. SIXPENCE

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The Speaker
The Steward. (Right Hon. W. C. Gully)

The Prince. Lord Mount Stephen. Lord Chief Justice.

CALLED TO THE BAR BY THE PRINCE OF WALES: THE UNIQUE CEREMONY ON GRAND NIGHT AT LINCOLN'S INN, JANUARY 26.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT LINCOLN'S INN.

To each candidate the Prince said: "By the authority and on behalf of the Masters of the Bench, I publish you a barrister of this Society."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

We are confronted by the etiquette of Leap Year. "Authorities upon etiquette," I read, "agree that it is quite within the bounds of the strictest propriety for ladies to exercise the privilege" of proposing to men. "Authorities," you will observe, are anonymous. Will any lady who has ever exercised this privilege come forward and tell us how it happened—whether her dearest friends thought the proposal quite consistent with the strictest propriety, and whether the man took it calmly or with blushes? It is at least curious that no statistics of Leap-Year marriages are forthcoming. "This year's marriage-rate," says an airy scribe, "is generally expected to show an increase over recent years." Oh! is it? Have other Leap Years shown such increase? If so, is this ascribed by competent sociologists to the helpless weakness of bachelors who are wooed with the strictest propriety? When beauty murmurs in your ear, "'Tis Leap Year; wilt thou be mine?" do you yield in sheer amazement, or do you exclaim, "Rather!" Wild enthusiasm, tempered gladness, dejected acquiescence, what are the statistics of these various moods in which a man may receive an offer of marriage? Come along, Mr. Holt Schooling, and make it all clear with a diagram.

The authorities upon etiquette, whoever they may be, are not without daring. They seem to have given their sanction to a Leap Year ball, to which bachelors will be conducted by their chaperons. The shy young things will be timid, no doubt, about dancing twice with the same partner. They will tremble when asked to "sit it out" in a corner behind a spreading palm. They will listen with bent heads when the tender voice says—

Dear one, I have watch'd thee daily,
And I think thou lov'st me well.

Will the bachelors take this poetical view of the ball, which, it seems, is to be organised by "middle-aged married ladies of position, with marriageable daughters"? Or will they all have other engagements on the principle that vainly is the net spread in the sight of the bird? One organising lady, "closely related to a Bishop," is reported to have said that there are "scores of men infinitely more nervous about proposing to ladies than ladies to men." This would argue a considerable knowledge of cases in which the marriageable daughters have exercised the privilege which is strictly proper in Leap Year, and improper in every other. But again I ask, "Where are the statistics?"

M. Auguste Rodin, the distinguished sculptor, who was in London for too brief a visit, should have stayed to see that ball. The bachelors and their chaperons, and the marriageable daughters courageously proposing, might have given him an inspiration for a sculptured trophy of our island customs. But he has left great contentment behind him. Did he not praise the Englishwoman's taste in costume? He even went so far as to hint that she is better dressed than the Parisienne. That astute compliment can excite no jealousy in Paris, for the Parisienne will not believe it; but here it has done more for the *entente cordiale* than all the after-dinner speeches. M. Rodin is a diplomatist. He extolled the London climate. There is a rumour that he dropped some polite things about the Duke of York's Column. Where is the harm of these pleasant figments from the kindly alien? What does it matter if the sentiments attributed to the Second Secretary of the Japanese Legation, concerning the likeness of the play at His Majesty's to Japanese history and character, are not literally accurate? There is the most praiseworthy desire on the part of Mr. Tree to lacquer his play with Japanese taste; and the Second Secretary has gracefully acknowledged this excellent spirit. Mr. J. H. Longford, for many years our Consul at Nagasaki, says that the lacquer cannot deceive the expert. Of course not. Nobody supposes that the Japanese Minister of War ever kept a gigantic figure of the War-God in his cabinet of affairs, or a torture chamber under the floor. But the intention is not disrespectful; and diplomacy wisely tolerates our love of Eastern fable.

Radium, it is announced from America, is soon to be cheap and plentiful in that country. It is mighty scarce here; but in any competition with the United States, where is poor old Europe? I dip into the New York *Critic*, and learn that the simple-hearted women of Columbia had no yearning for English titles until they found that these could be had for dollars. Then, "with true American spirit," they resolved to go in and win. So, just because we, with our old-fashioned methods of research, can find very little radium, the true American spirit seems to have lots. Even when old Europe gets a new idea, the tremendous energy on the other side of the Atlantic is sure to better it. In the *Daily Mail* I read of a theory which has startling possibilities for education. When we visit a place which should be strange to us, why do we so often remember to have seen it in our dreams?

Because our fathers went there, and we have inherited their memory. So far, the inheritance is rather vague and fitful. But you may be sure that when the Americans take hold of this idea, they will turn it to such practical account that the 'cute young brood of the Eagle will start life with all the accumulated lore of that star-spangled Bird. The American will make a point of enriching his mind with travel before he founds a family, and his children, without stirring out of their native State, will be able to tell you all about the interior of Tibet, just as if they had been there.

Heredity has been a rather disappointing business hitherto. Intelligent parents have wondered why their offspring do not take after them; and parents with no brains at all have been quite unable to account for the genius which has suddenly burst into the family. There is a sad lack of a scientific basis for these contradictory phenomena. But when America has made a "corner" in radium, she will devote some of her leisure to making heredity work more methodically. It will have some drawbacks, of course. There will be a smaller demand for schoolmasters. If a lad begins with hereditary knowledge of mathematics, classics, sport, travel, Trusts, Bacon and the Musical Glasses, school will be somewhat of a superfluity. His education will cost his accomplished parents next to nothing, for the mere trifle he does not know should come to him as easily as breathing. The tenth transmitters of foolish faces may still abound in this old island; but in America no citizen will hold up his head until he is sure of handing on to the next generation a set of accomplishments which will put to shame our learned societies, drive our manufactures out of all markets, and make Oxford and Cambridge shut their colleges in despair.

Some time ago certain mothers complained to me that their darling boys were underfed at public schools. A play I saw this week discloses a more serious matter. The scene was a public school, and all the boys fell in love with an assistant-master's wife. Another assistant-master was in love with her; so was the doctor; so was the principal. He wrote verses in her honour! His attentions had constantly to be nipped in the bud by his wife, an elderly lady with a great flow of speech. The infatuated assistant-master caused a scandal; but that was not the worst. The head boy in the school, terribly backward with his Greek, laid his heart at the charmer's feet. To be sure, he waited until the last act, and by that time she had repented of her flirtations, and gave him a severe reproof. But the mischief was done. He was totally incapable of applying his mind to study. And if that was the state of the head boy, what of his four hundred and ninety-nine schoolmates who did not appear on the stage!

I do not wish to alarm those mothers without reason. Nor have I touched upon Leap Year, and its traditional significance, with any idea of causing a scare. Still, you will admit that the mammas of head boys may prudently inquire whether there is any truth in the local colouring of that play. And, now I think of it, would it not be advisable to send inflammable youngsters of a somewhat larger growth, and with excellent expectations, on a foreign tour with their chaperons until this dangerous year be overpast? They had better avoid resorts like the Italian Lakes in the autumn, and the Riviera just now. The sentimental associations of such picturesque spots are too strong. Fancy the situation at Como, with the chaperon kept indoors by toothache, and some spirited damsel of the strictest propriety proposing on the lake! Or at Venice in a gondola! No, it would be safer to travel in the Caucasus. Mr. Cook should see to this. He might send private and confidential circulars to affluent parents, whose eldest sons are nearly of age, recommending special tours for Leap Year.

The West Coast of Africa is not supposed to be inviting, but it is out of the way of marriageable daughters. And the climate is not so bad as you might think. The retiring Governor of Lagos, Sir William Macgregor, who comes home this week, has made that station more salubrious, I understand, by checking a particularly odious fever. This is done by the French method of injecting salt into the blood. It sounds unpleasant, but is most efficacious. Moreover, the terrors of malaria have been reduced to mere shadows, instead of the patients. Decidedly, Lagos is the place to spend Leap Year. There are industries to occupy the mind and stir the ambition. Sir William Macgregor has given a marvellous stimulus to cotton; and his resourceful assistant administrator, Mr. Harold Parsons, has set the whole colony wild with enthusiasm over an agricultural show. A man of many inventions and adventures is Mr. Parsons; just the man to take your youngster, Madam, and season him for a useful career!

WHITAKER WRIGHT:

A REMARKABLE CAREER, AND STRANGE ENDING.

The career of Whitaker Wright, which came to so tragic a conclusion within the hour that had seen him stand a convicted felon at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, was one of singular contradictions. The energy with which he pushed his way from small beginnings to a position of influence would have been praiseworthy had it been directed towards the arduous prosecution of his profession of mining engineer instead of towards speculation which was nothing more nor less than gambling on a huge scale. He was born in the North of England, and at twenty-one years of age—according to his own account—he was cast upon his own resources without a penny. He had, however, been well educated, and as he possessed a great interest in inorganic chemistry and assaying, he went to the United States and tried his fortunes as an assayer. Going to the West, he scraped together a little money, which he immediately invested in a few mining shares. He bought a claim for five hundred pounds, and then sold a half-share in it for sufficient to cover all his previous outlay and leave enough to provide working capital for future use. The mine ultimately brought him a good return, and he continued this method of business until at length his transactions were of sufficient magnitude to make every operation worth while. As he said himself, "After the first £10,000 was made, the rest was easy." Too easy, it would seem, for the fascination begotten of hazarding great sums of money would appear to be the modern impersonification of that power known to the ancients as *Atè*, or blind frenzy, which, after a man has gone a certain length in insolence or crime, seizes him and hurls him relentlessly to his doom. After a period of prosperity in Western America he came East and made money on the New York Stock Exchange. By the time he was thirty-one he was more than a millionaire, and twelve years later he returned to England, intending to retire from business. Like *Dogberry*, however, he had losses, caused by financial depression in New York, and instead of seeking leisure, he tried his fortune again, this time on the London Stock Exchange. Of his financial operations from that period nothing need be said here—they are written large in the criminal annals of the country. Of the man himself, and his princely ideas of personal enjoyment, many curious notes may be made.

His residences included a palace in Park Lane, under the roof of which aristocracy, now slowly being crowded out of its ancestral domains in Mayfair by the heavy body of mushroom plutocracy, was glad to taste his wine and to admire the art treasures he had collected. At Lea Park, in Surrey, he played a part not at all unlike that of *Rudolph*, the mad King of Bavaria. He was continually devising new effects in architecture and in landscape-gardening. He would level hills for the sake of the view; he would introduce armies of labourers to fill up old lakes and to dig new ones. Latterly, one would think, his lake views must have been unpleasantly reminiscent. Beneath one of the wide sheets of water in his demesne, he had contrived a palace of glass, deliciously cool even in the hottest summer. There he played billiards, one of the few sports outside the great one of finance for which he really cared. Outdoor amusements attracted him little, but it is said that he hunted in a small way. For yachting, however, he had something of a passion, and his yawl *Sybarite* brought her owner considerable renown. He pursued astronomy in a beautifully equipped observatory; he patronised the drama in an exquisite little private theatre. His manners were genial, and his conversation agreeable. As a public orator he was persuasive, and few have rivalled him in making the worse appear the better cause in finance—witness his plausible addresses at shareholders' meetings. But he plunged too deep. Not even ingenuity and eloquence could avail to stay disaster to the London and Globe, which was declared insolvent on Dec. 28, 1900, eleven days after the roseate annual address of its chairman. Whitaker Wright was in due course examined before the Official Receiver, but upon the report of this inquiry the Public Prosecutor refused to institute criminal proceedings. The matter was mentioned in Parliament, only to result in a blessing from the Attorney-General and Solicitor-General upon the Public Prosecutor's inactivity. Finally, certain private persons who had lost heavily by the London and Globe failure obtained from Mr. Justice Buckley an order to prosecute, and on March 11, 1903, a warrant was made out. But the bird had flown.

Four days earlier, the ex-financier had sailed from Havre for New York. At the latter port, on March 15, he was arrested and lodged in prison. He resisted extradition by every legal artifice for several months, but on July 6 he suddenly determined voluntarily to return to England, where he arrived on Aug. 5. Protracted proceedings at the Guildhall ended in his committal for trial. It was originally intended that the case should be heard at the Old Bailey, but its intricacy rendered it more convenient to hold the trial at the Law Courts. For a fortnight and a day the deeds of Whitaker Wright were weighed in the nicest scales of justice, and the ordeal went against him. Convicted on all counts and sentenced to the maximum penalty allowed in such cases of fraud, he simply asserted his innocence and left the court apparently little disturbed. But his calm exterior veiled a fearful mental struggle. This *sybarite*, inured to luxury, could not or would not face the hardships of the prison-house. Attended for the first time since the trial began by the coercive officers of the law, he retired to one of the rooms adjoining the court, where solicitors are wont to consult with their clients. For a few minutes the convict talked with his legal adviser; then suddenly a mysterious seizure robbed him of consciousness. Medical aid was prompt, but useless. Less than an hour after hearing his sentence Whitaker Wright was dead.

PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

The campaign has lost its pristine freshness, and new arguments and illustrations are rare. At Morpeth, Sir Edward Grey entered into a comparison of the relative prosperity of England and Protectionist countries, and made the interesting statement that 100 shillings would go as far for the English housewife as 130 shillings would go in France for the French housewife. The capacities of the respective housewives do not seem to figure in this calculation. Mr. Moreton Frewen, on the other hand, has compiled a table for the purpose of showing that food is cheaper in France than in England because, although bread is a trifle dearer, meat costs one-third less. He attributes this to the operation of the twelve-shilling duty on imported wheat, which has the surprising effect of lowering prices on the whole instead of raising them.

Mr. Robson, speaking at a dinner of the Eighty Club, remarked that nearly every member of Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission had "made a large fortune by adherence to that antiquated, troglodyte shibboleth of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest." They proposed to continue this practice for themselves, but to deny it to their customers. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman explained on the same occasion that when he attributed "cupidity" to Mr. Chamberlain's Commission, he meant "unconscious cupidity."

The Duke of Bedford, in an address to the North Bedfordshire Liberal Unionists, argued that food imports should be admitted free only when they came from our own possessions. Whether our trade was growing or declining was a point open to dispute, but it was undeniable that the mass of the unemployed was growing. Working-men had to consider whether the Free Trade system was better able than Protection to ensure "the most regular employment, and to diffuse those means of purchase without which cheapness was a mere mockery."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE DUKE OF KILLICRANKIE," AT THE CRITERION.

No more enjoyable entertainment has been afforded in a West-End playhouse this season than Mr. Robert Marshall's farcical romance "The Duke of Killicrankie," produced at the Criterion Theatre and played throughout its first night's progress to a constant accompaniment of delighted laughter. It was not that there was any remarkable freshness in the story, which deals with the fantastic and old-fashioned idea of a high-handed Duke carrying off by force a maiden who rejects his suit, and of her being unwilling to leave him and his castle when offered her freedom. It was not that there was anything like reality, anything more than wire-pulled artificiality, about the emotions and conduct of the puppets that sustain Captain Marshall's ludicrous plot. One's admiration is provoked rather by the neatness with which the playwright, now a sure master of his technique, combines his burlesque romance with another quaint courtship, conducted between a "glue-king's" widow and an impecunious politician. Above all, one can but enjoy unreservedly the constant succession of verbal fireworks—nay, brilliant *mots*—which proceed from Mr. Marshall's characters, and are worthy the wit of a Mr. Carton. Happily, the vivacity of the author is equalled by that of his interpreters, of whom only four have parts of any prominence. Rarely has Mr. Weedon Grossmith, without seeming to take perceptible pains, been responsible for a more amusing creation than his swaggering but pusillanimous M.P.; while Miss Marie Illington's broad humour and fine style are invaluable in the rôle of the rich widow. Rarely has Miss Eva Moore shown a prettier picture of wilful and tender womanhood than that of the captive Henrietta; and in her support, as the Duke, Mr. Graham Browne catches just the right note of sprightly, bustling irresponsibility.

"OLD HEIDELBERG," REVIVED AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

That delightful comedy of German student life and boy-and-girl romance, "Old Heidelberg," is once more to be seen at the St. James's Theatre, and still Mr. Alexander fascinates his innumerable admirers by his boyish and charming impersonation of Prince Karl Heinrich, still Mr. Beveridge touches all hearts by the genial kindness and robust humour with which he invests the Prince's enthusiastic old tutor. One member of the original company, Miss Eva Moore, is no longer at hand to enact the rôle of the innkeeper's winsome and merry daughter, Kathie; but an excellent substitute has been found in Miss Lilian Braithwaite, another eminently natural actress, who gives the royal hero's humble sweetheart all the appealing sweetness that could be desired. Meantime, Mr. Lyall Swete is able to resume his clever study of the lordly valet; and nearly all the old and satisfactory cast is retained.

THE FULHAM AND ISLINGTON PANTOMIMES.

The days and nights of several of the suburban pantomimes are numbered, but others are taking a fresh lease of life in "second editions." Thus, at the Grand Theatre, Fulham, Mr. Alexander Henderson has made, for the last fortnight of its run, several additions to a "Robinson Crusoe" pantomime which might have seemed, in its fanciful and picturesque mounting, in its melodious score and in the fun provided by Mr. Tom Craven's piratical Atkins, Mr. Dan Crawley's Widow Crusoe, and Mr. William Walton's Man Friday, to boast quite sufficient attractions. The story of "Bluebeard," also, as presented at the Grand Theatre, Islington, has passed into a second edition, and most of the novel features added to an always diverting show have a strong flavour of melodramatic burlesque. Thus that energetic comedian, Mr. Harry Pleon, parodies Sir Henry Irving, of "The Bells," and Mr. Martin Harvey, of "The Only Way." Again, Miss Marie Loftus, the dashing Selim, and Mr. Lawrence Barclay, the quaint Sister

Anne, go through a mock scene in which a villain attempts to kill a virtuous heroine. While Mr. Fred Story, in his inimitable representation of Bluebeard, dies with the most grotesque sham-tragic agonies.

"ALL THE YEAR ROUND," AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The production that succeeds "Carmen" at the Alhambra is a very spirited and modern *ballet à l'action*, holding the same relation to the more orthodox ballets that farce bears to comedy. The authors strive to make ballet a peg upon which to hang an entertainment that shall savour of a musical comedy without words, and they present most of the dances in the painfully popular form that embraces step-dancing and cake-walks. For story we have a procession of the months, with a selection of the festivities associated with them. There are two pretty *ballabali* for which Madame Cormani is responsible, the first, by swallows and Mayflowers, being particularly effective. Most of the dancing has little or nothing to do with the convention associated with ballet, but catches the mood of the moment, and is received as though it were the skilled effort of a highly trained ballerina. For the hard, sustained work of everybody concerned in the production and presentation of "All the Year Round" there is nothing but praise; and if it does not make a very great appeal to lovers of the more orthodox form of ballet, they must remember that no production has an easy task in coming after the version of "Carmen," in which Bizet renewed his triumphs and Madame Guerrero drew all the town to the Alhambra.

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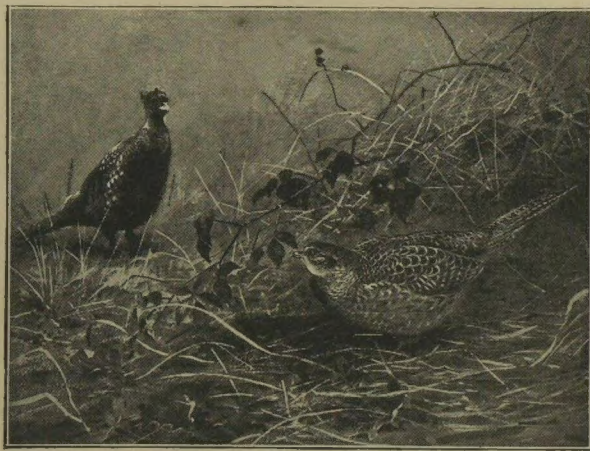
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FREDERIC H. MADDEN, Secretary.

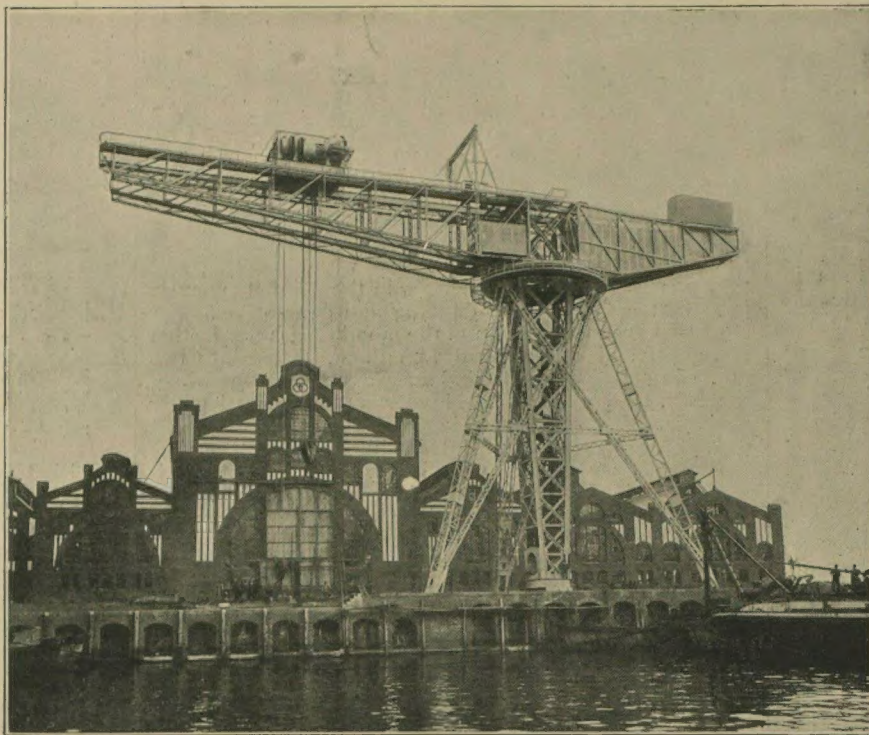
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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

A ROYAL "CALL"
AT LINCOLN'S INN.

Lincoln's Inn celebrated a unique occasion in its history on the evening of Jan. 26, when the Prince of Wales, who is this year treasurer of the society, dined in Hall with his fellow Benchers. The interest of the proceedings culminated in the "call" ceremony, when sixteen junior members of the Inn were called to the Bar by the Prince of Wales in person. The most cosmopolitan of the Inns of Court was true to its traditions, for the newly admitted barristers were representative of the Empire. India, of course, sent her candidates in the persons of two gentlemen from Bombay University and one from the Punjab. The barristers-elect were presented by the steward, and, advancing to the table, bowed to the Prince. His Royal Highness bowed in return, pronounced the formula of admission, and then shook hands with the latest members of the Bar. Among those present were Prince Louis of Battenberg, Lord Mount Stephen, the Lord Chief Justice (Lord Alverstone), and the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Suspense is still the watchword in the Far East, and it is as impossible to say that the state of the negotiations makes for peace as



A GIANT CRANE, BUILT FOR THE GERMANIA SHIPBUILDING YARD.

This tremendous machine—one of the largest of its kind—has been constructed to lift with ease the most ponderous parts and fittings of the great vessels which are built at the Germania yard.

Photo, Carl Speck.

Dodinga, and he made his escape from them only by sheer intrepidity and some admirable marksmanship at long range. Major Powell-Cotton traversed some regions of Central Africa which had not hitherto been visited or described.

WHAT IS THE
ARMY FOR?

Mr. Arnold-Forster, in his candid speech at Liverpool, told a significant anecdote. He said that when he went to the War Office he asked the people he found there what the Army was maintained for, and they could not tell him. Perhaps they thought it was a very impertinent question for a new Secretary of State to put to the permanent officials; perhaps they had not the smallest idea. However, Mr. Arnold-Forster is now able to tell them that the chief purpose of the Regular forces is not to defend these islands, but to serve abroad. These islands are defended primarily by the Navy, next by the auxiliary forces. There is to be a reorganisation of the Militia and Volunteers. It is none too soon; but the project is exciting suspicion among military reformers. They are asking whether it merely means a reduction of our Regular Army with a view to economy. Economy may as well be left out of the question, as Lady Teazle said of honour. Whatever the War Office may do, it will never save money.



COMBAT BETWEEN THE GREEKS AND PERSIANS.



DEATH OF A GREEK HERO IN BATTLE WITH THE PERSIANS.

THE RECENT DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE AT EPHESUS.

Our illustrations of the very beautiful piece of sculpture brought to light of day after a lapse of nearly two thousand years are from photographs by Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., who was recently at Ephesus. The work of exploration is being carried on under the direction of the Austrian savant, Professor Rudolph Heberdy. It was from the Professor himself that Mr. Baker learnt that the very beautiful relief just being unearthed was at the entrance to the Greek Agora, and that the Austrians hope shortly to discover the remains of the library. The sculpture appears to depict the death of a hero in a battle between Greeks and Persians. The hero is just falling from his horse; the battle is still raging around and beneath him; at the right hand of this group are standing three female figures and the figure of a young lad, probably the mourners for the hero. There is intense vigour and splendid action in the whole work.

that it makes for war. There have been reports of disorder in Korea and at Vladivostok. At the latter place on Jan. 9 some Russian marines are said to have committed outrages upon the Japanese. The report that Japanese troops had been landed at Masampho seems to be without foundation. Russia has not yet replied to Japan's last Note, and there is considerable impatience at Tokyo. Berlin claims to know that an answer has been framed at St. Petersburg, and that its terms are conciliatory. In order to allay the anxiety at Tokyo, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg has been instructed to telegraph the tenour of the reply even before he transmits the full text.

BRITISH DISASTER IN
EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

The Turkana, the warlike tribe described in one of our recent Supplements by Major Powell-Cotton, are reported to have fallen upon and cut up a British expedition. The news has been sent to the Foreign Office by Sir Charles Eliot, Commissioner for the East Africa Protectorate. The expedition is surmised to have been one which had been sent out by the East Africa Syndicate to the Lake Rudolph region. It consisted of four white men with a caravan of porters, and left Nairobi last October to prospect for gold. It will be remembered that Major Powell-Cotton found the Turkana friendly, and amused them with a talking-machine; but his party was beleaguered for several days by the



Photo, Bogart.

THE MAKING OF GIGANTIC STATUARY FOR THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR:
AN INGENUOUS DEVICE FOR ENLARGING FROM A SMALL MODEL.

The machine is on the principle of the Pantograph, and permits colossal works to be outlined from a small model. On the left of the picture is a statue for the cascades at the World's Fair. On the right is a small model, and in the centre the pointing-machine. The small arm of the machine follows the dots on the small figure, and the large arm marks the proportionate corresponding points on the larger figure.

Besides, you cannot reorganise the Militia and Volunteers for nothing.

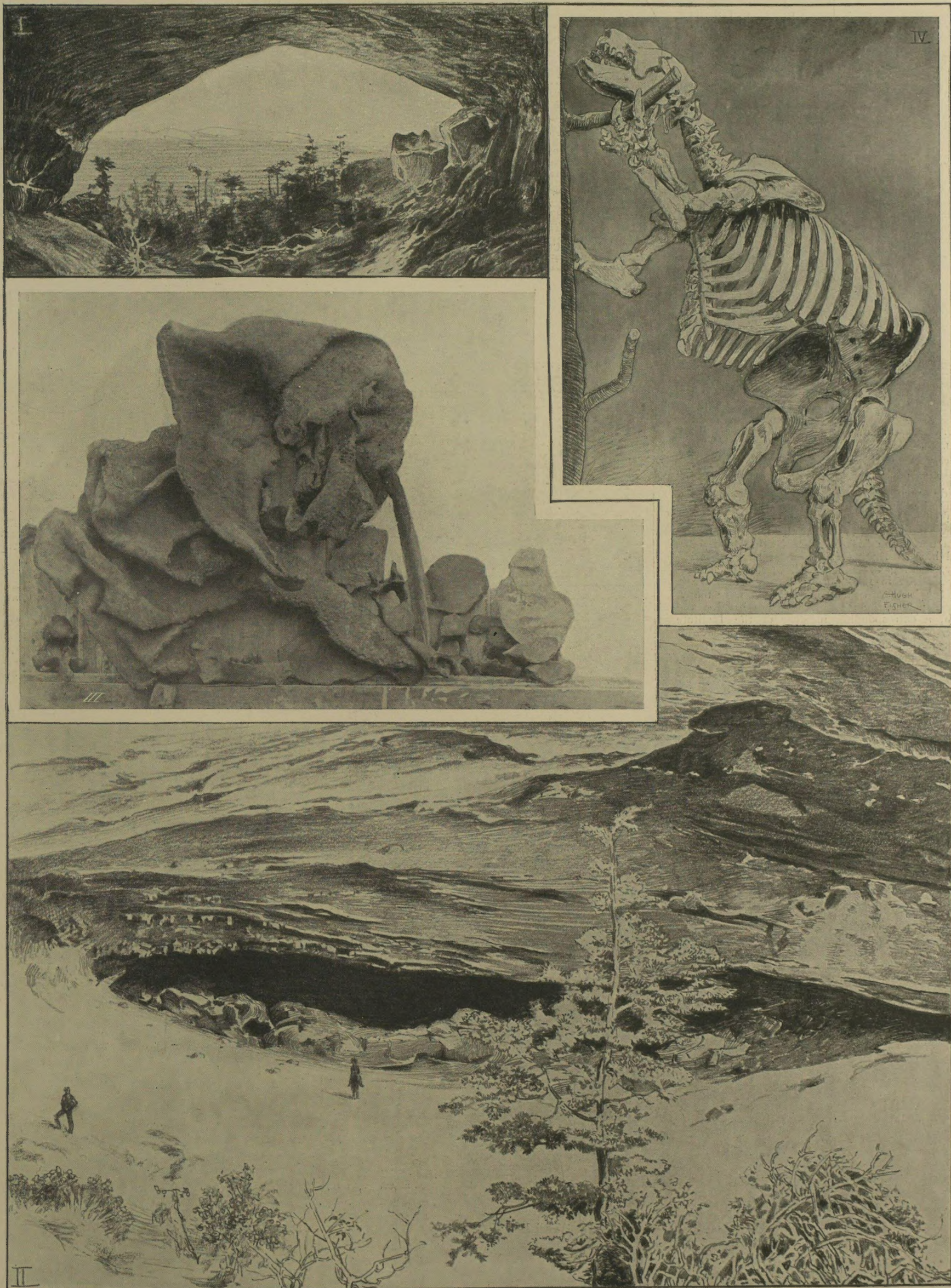
Germany is in the midst of a Colonial trouble, for the Herrero rising in South-West Africa has developed seriously. The small garrison at Okahandja has been cut off and surrounded by the rebels, and the position at Windhoek has been threatened. The latter place was besieged by a large native force, but is now reported to be safe. There is information from Damara-land to the effect that several parties of Germans have been cut off. There are also reports of terrible atrocities and of the murder of settlers—men, women, and children. The port of the district is Swakopmund, from which a light railway runs to Windhoek, a distance of 300 miles. The railway engineers accomplished their task in the face of tremendous obstacles. There are on the line eighteen iron bridges, the largest of which is at Okahandja, where it crosses the Swakop River.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

The desolate but picturesque region of Tierra del Fuego and its fast-vanishing tribes form the subject of the Illustrated Supplement which we publish this week. The lonely stretch of beach and the isolated rock which form the background to the title-inscription, "At the World's End," are situated

“MILL-TOOTH”: THE MYLODON, AN EXTINCT SOUTH AMERICAN MONSTER, AND ITS RECENTLY DISCOVERED LAIR.

DRAWINGS BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY SIR THOMAS HOLDICH AND THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM; PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY W. S. BARCLAY.



I. INTERIOR OF MYLODON CAVE IN PATAGONIA.

2. EXTERIOR OF CAVE WHERE REMAINS OF NEO-MYLODON WERE FOUND.

3. THE SKIN OF THE NEO-MYLODON
FOUND IN CAVE HERE ILLUSTRATED.

4. SKELETON OF MYLODON ROBUSTUS FROM BUENOS AYRES, PRACTICALLY THE SAME
TYPE OF ANIMAL AS THE NEO-MYLODON.—[From the Natural History Museum.]

The mylodon, or “mill-tooth,” so called because the crowns of its molar teeth are flat instead of being ridged, was one of the giant sloths of South America. It was akin to the “Megatherium Americanum,” whose skeleton, eighteen feet high, is here represented. The skin shown above was recently discovered under a thick bed of guano in a Patagonian cave. Upon it were stains, believed to be blood, of comparative freshness. From the stains it was at first surmised that the mylodon might have been alive, say, within the last two centuries, but there are various objections to this theory. The mylodon fed upon the leaves of trees. The skin was found in Last Hope Inlet, and was kept in the finder’s store and advertised in the window by a notice: “Mylodon sold here.” The price was £200 for the parts shown above.

in the gold district of Tierra del Fuego. Gold washing is practised in the sand underlying the shingle, but the industry has never been very profitable. The beach is the scene of the death of Captain Allen Gardiner, the first missionary to the Fuegians. He was inspired by Darwin's account of these aborigines, whom the great naturalist placed lowest in the human scale. The missionary was wrecked on the beach in question, and died of exposure and hardship.

OUR PORTRAITS.

Mr. John Johnson now replaces the late Sir William Allan as member for Gateshead, that constituency proving loyal to the beliefs it has held from the time of the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, since when it has invariably been represented by a Liberal. The new member, who was born in 1850, is the son of a miner, and has not only been a prominent advocate of trade unions and workmen's rights, but has held various official positions in that capacity. A member of a Primitive Methodist family, he has for many years been a local preacher.

The Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, who died somewhat suddenly on Jan. 22, at the age of eighty-four, was one of the University's most distinguished alumni—an eminent divine, a great mathematician, and a man of strong and attractive personality. His academic career, from the time he left the scene of his first



Photo. Lafayette.
THE LATE REV. GEORGE SALMON, D.D.,
PROVOST OF TRINITY COLLEGE,
DUBLIN.

schooling in Cork, was a series of brilliant successes. He was Senior Moderate in Mathematics in 1839, and successively Scholar and Fellow of his College. His general contributions on the subject in which he specialised, and, in particular, his volumes on "Conic Sections," "The Higher Plane Curves," "The Geometry of Three Dimensions," and "The Modern Higher Algebra," all of which have been translated into the chief European languages, deservedly earned him world-wide recognition, acknowledged in his own country by the bestowal of the Conyngham medal of the Royal Irish Academy, and by the Royal Society by the presentation of its Royal medal. On the elevation of Dr. Butler to the Bishopric of Meath, Dr. Salmon succeeded him as Regius Professor of Divinity in the University, holding the office until appointed Provost of Trinity College in 1888. It is hardly necessary to add that the honours conferred upon him were many. He was a Fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh, a corresponding member of the Institute of France, and of the Royal Academies of Science at Göttingen, Berlin, and Copenhagen.

Sir John Anderson, who is Sir Frank A. Swettenham's successor in the posts of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Straits Settlements and High Commissioner of the Federated Malay States, has had fairly considerable experience of official life, gained as second-class clerk in the Colonial Office, as private secretary to the late Hon. Sir R. Meade, Under-Secretary of State, in 1892; as member of the staff for the Behring Sea Arbitration in London and Paris, as first-class clerk and principal clerk, as secretary to the Conference of Colonial Premiers with Mr. Chamberlain in the Diamond Jubilee year, and as a member of the Prince of Wales's suite during his Colonial tour at the beginning of King Edward's reign. Sir John, who is an Aberdonian, was born on Jan. 23, 1858, and had a distinguished career at the University of his native city. From 1885 until 1897 he edited the "Colonial Office List."

Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon, V.C., G.C.B., now "Father of the Fleet," was born on Feb. 20, 1835, the only son of the Rev. Henry Salmon and Emily, daughter of Vice-Admiral Nowell, and joined the Navy in 1847. He served in the Baltic during the Russian War and in Peel's Brigade during the Indian Mutiny, and while in command of the *Icarus* captured the filibuster Walker, a feat for which he received a gold medal from the Central American States. He has also commanded the *Defence*, *Valiant*, and *Swiftsure*, and has been Commander-in-Chief at the Cape, in China, and at Portsmouth. At the Jubilee Review in 1897 he was responsible for the assembled fleet. He attained his present rank in January 1899. Sir Nowell married Emily Augusta Saunders in 1866.

THE BURIED

TREASURENUISANCE.

The "hidden treasure" expedient adopted by various journals, in order, presumably, to increase their popularity, has captivated the imagination of a large section of the public, and certain of its devotees have been placed in a position of inconvenience which has doubtless led them to endorse the Scriptural adage regarding the love of money. In the quest for buried coin or its equivalent, some of the money-grubbers, *au pied de la lettre*, have disturbed public roadways and injured private property to an extent that has landed them in the police-court. With

these offenders the journals in question have no sympathy, for they have expressly warned their readers that the money is not on private property, and is so lightly concealed that no disturbance of the ground is necessary. But the tactics of the mole have been all too faithfully imitated; and many who sought to

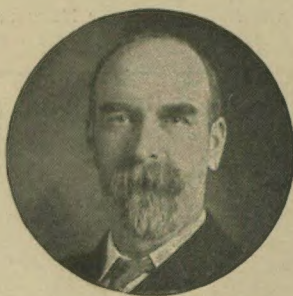


Photo. Frank.
MR. JOHN JOHNSON,
NEW MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT
FOR GATESHEAD.

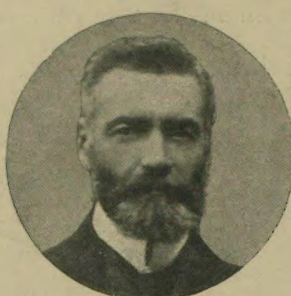


Photo. Russell.
SIR JOHN ANDERSON,
NEW GOVERNOR OF THE STRAITS
SETTLEMENTS.

enrich themselves thereby are now out of pocket by the gentle constraint of the law.

MOVERS AND SECONDS
OF THE ADDRESS.

Of the Movers and Seconders of the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne at the opening of Parliament—Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Hylton, Mr. Laurence Hardy, and Mr. W. R. Plummer—William Charles



AN OCTOGENARIAN DUTCH PAINTER: MR. JOSEF ISRAELS,
THE DOYEN OF THE MODERN DUTCH SCHOOL.

Mr. Israels' eightieth birthday was on January 27.

de Meuron Wentworth Fitzwilliam, seventh Earl Fitzwilliam, sat in the House of Commons as member for Wakefield from 1895 until his succession to the title in 1902. Hylton George Hylton Jolliffe, third Baron Hylton, was member for Wells, Somerset, from 1895 until he succeeded his father in 1899. Mr. Laurence Hardy has represented the Ashford Division of Kent since 1892;

is shrinking, but not the national expenditure. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is blithe no longer; he even talks as if there would be no remission of taxation this year. With the Income Tax at elevenpence, this is a sorry outlook. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must not expect any "conscience money" for some time to come. Consciences will be driven to economise. The behaviour of the revenue is unaccountable. According to statistics we have a bouncing trade; yet the revenue falls, wages fall, and the number of the unemployed is increased by forty per cent. in some of the chief industries. Still, the disappointed taxpayer has a feeling heart, and it will go out to Mr. Austen Chamberlain in this calamity to his first Budget.

THE REWARD OF
TREASON.

Having served a somewhat longer term of imprisonment than any Cape rebel, Mr. Arthur Lynch has been released "on license." This means that he will enjoy freedom, subject to good behaviour. It will not be considered good behaviour if he should stand again for Galway, or engage in the picturesque practices of some Irishmen who are "agin' the Government." Should Mr. Lynch treat his countrymen to tempestuous eloquence, here or in America, against the tyrants who have let him out of jail, his license will probably expire. No doubt he will feel that everywhere he goes he is still clanking the chains of British oppression. But his release must make the foreigner marvel more than ever at the clemency of a people who treat rank treason as a rather lighter offence than house-breaking. In no other country than this would Mr. Lynch have recovered his liberty. In most countries he would have been summarily handed over to the executioner. Or, rather, he would never have run the risk of a trial. Knowing the nature of the British Government, he faced his accusers, received the death sentence, had it commuted, and, after a brief seclusion, is a free man once more. Moreover, he had the fun of leading an "Irish Brigade" against British troops, for all the world as if he were another Sarsfield. Such glory is certainly cheap at the price.

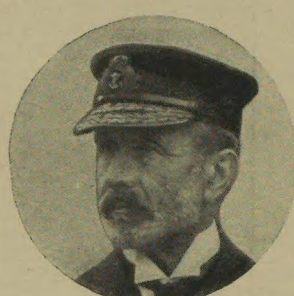


Photo. Gregory.
ADMIRAL SIR NOWELL
SALMON, V.C.,
NOW "FATHER OF THE FLEET."

AN OCTOGENARIAN
PAINTER.

"Modern Dutch Art," as Mr. Israel Zangwill said at the Maccabean Dinner to Josef Israels a few months ago, "is a perpetual grace to God for the beauty of common things." And among the men who have interpreted the sentiment of the age in Holland none is more worthy of note than the fine old man in whose honour the speech from which we quote was made. Mr. Israels is the grand old man of Dutch art, and his eightieth birthday finds him still active and hard at work. He visits England now and again, is intensely interested in British institutions, and speaks our language fluently. His evolution has been very remarkable. In the early years a painter of homely domestic subjects, that succeeded less by reason of their purely artistic strength than on account of their appeal to sentiment, he "found himself" after middle-age, and his latter-day pictures are quite his best. The Dutch Government has bought some of them. "A Ghetto Jew" and "David Playing before Saul" are perhaps the most admired. Josef Israels' talent is inherited by his son, whose work has attracted the praise of most discriminating critics.

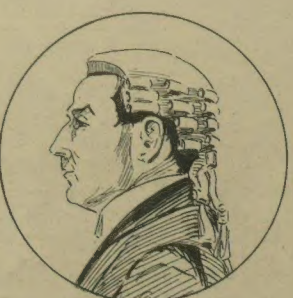
TRAGIC END OF MR.
WHITAKER WRIGHT.

The trial of Mr. Whitaker Wright on a charge of fraudulent proceedings in connection with the management of the London and Globe Finance Corporation and allied companies came to an end on Jan. 26 after

lasting exactly a fortnight. The previous Friday was occupied by Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., who enhanced his already great reputation by his masterly handling of the case for the prosecution, which involved the most intricate operations with figures. On Jan. 25, Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., made a long and eloquent defence, and on the following day Mr. Justice Bigham summed up. After an absence of fifty-five minutes, the jury returned with a verdict of "Guilty" on all counts, and the Judge passed the heaviest sentence that the law permits in such cases—penal servitude for seven years. Half an hour later, London was startled by the news that Mr. Whitaker Wright was dead. He had retired with his solicitor to the consulting-room, and while there was seized with a mysterious illness, which almost immediately resulted in death. On another page we publish a sketch of the late financier's remarkable career.



MR. JUSTICE BIGHAM,
PRESIDING JUDGE.



MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C.,
FOR THE PROSECUTION.



MR. HORACE AVORY, K.C.,
FOR THE PROSECUTION.



MR. LAWSON WALTON, K.C.,
FOR THE DEFENCE.

THE MOST DRAMATIC TRIAL OF RECENT TIMES: THE JUDGE AND LEADING COUNSEL IN THE WHITAKER WRIGHT CASE.

Sketches in Court by Kenneth R. Swan.

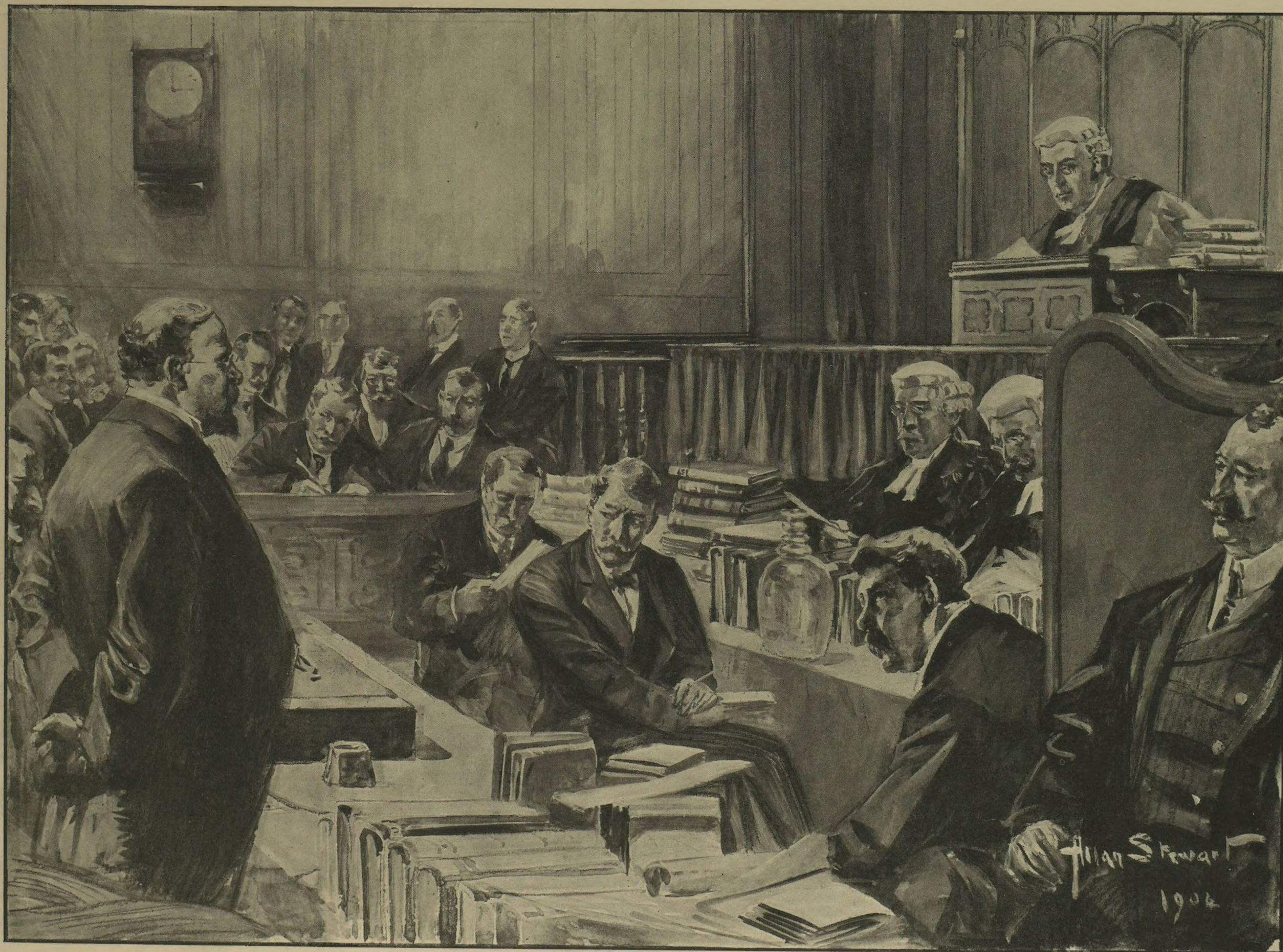
and Mr. Walter Richard Plummer, Newcastle-on-Tyne since 1900.

PITY THE POOR
TAXPAYER!

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has been throwing out ominous hints about his Budget. In the first blush of enthusiasm when he took office, he promised a reduction of the Income Tax. But upon this charming prospect has descended a frost, a nipping frost. The revenue

THE MOST DRAMATIC TRIAL OF MODERN TIMES: THE CLOSE OF THE WHITAKER WRIGHT CASE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN COURT.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 30, 1904—149

THE LAST SCENE: WHITAKER WRIGHT RECEIVING HIS SENTENCE, ONE HOUR BEFORE HIS DEATH.

At five minutes to three o'clock on January 26, after an absence of fifty-five minutes, the jury returned into court with a verdict of "Guilty on all counts." Mr. Lawson Walton briefly pleaded for mitigation of sentence; and then Mr. Whitaker Wright stood up to face the Judge, Mr. Justice Bigham, who imposed the maximum penalty of seven years' penal servitude. The prisoner heard his sentence without flinching, but it was observed that his face flushed deeply. He was immediately removed by the officials to one of the ante-rooms of the court, and there he was seized with mortal illness. An hour later he was dead.



UNDER THE UNION JACK AND THE CRESCENT: A REVIEW IN EGYPT BEFORE THE SIRDAR AND LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.



A TURKANA WARRIOR.



A TURKANA FAMILY AT HOME.



TURKANA FIGHTING EQUIPMENT.



A GROUP OF TURKANA.



TURKANA SUSPICION OF A RECENT BRITISH EXPEDITION: TRIBESMEN OBSERVING MAJOR POWELL-COTTON'S PARTY.

THE REPORTED MASSACRE OF A BRITISH EXPEDITION BY THE TURKANA IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA: TYPES OF THE TRIBESMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR POWELL-COTTON.

The news of a massacre by the Turkana will remind our readers of the exhaustive description of the tribe recently given by Major Powell-Cotton in one of our Illustrated Supplements.—See "WORLD'S NEWS."



Photo. Breuer.

THE HERRERO RISING: DEPARTURE OF GERMAN REINFORCEMENTS.

German reinforcements sailed for South Africa from Wilhelmshaven on board the "Darmstadt." The additional troops included a detachment of railway sappers with machine guns and five hundred men of the Marine Infantry.



Photo. Baker and Dixon.

LAST NAVAL HONOURS TO THE "FATHER OF THE FLEET."

The funeral took place on January 21 at Winkfield Churchyard, and was conducted with full naval honours. The wreath on the coffin was sent by the Queen, who counted the Admiral among her closest personal friends.



The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER IX.

A MISTAKE.

The tide was ebbing still when Loo Barebone loosed his boat one night from the slimy steps leading from the garden of Maiden's Grave Farm down to the creek. It was at the farmhouse that Captain Clubbe now lived when on shore. He had lived there since the death of his brother two years earlier—that grim Clubbe of Maiden's Grave whose methods of life and agriculture are still quoted on market days from Colchester to Beccles.

The evenings were shorter now, for July was drawing to a close and the summer is brief on these coasts. The moon was not up yet, but would soon rise. Barebone hoisted the great lugsail that smelt of seaweed and tannin. There was a sleepy breeze blowing in from the cooler sea to take the place of that hot and shimmering air which had been rising all day from the cornfields. He was quicker in his movements than those who usually handled these stiff ropes and held the clumsy tiller. Quick and quiet for once. He had been three nights to the Rectory, only to find the Rector there, vaguely kind, looking at him with a watery eye through the spectacles which were rarely straight upon his nose, with an unasked question on his hesitating lips.

For Septimus Marvin knew that Dormer Colville, in the name of the Marquis de Gemosac, had asked Loo Barebone to go to France and institute proceedings there to recover a great heritage which it seemed must be his. And Loo had laughed and put off his reply from day to day for three days.

Few knew of it in Farlingford, though many must have suspected the true explanation of the prolonged stay of the two strangers at the Black Sailor. Captain Clubbe and Septimus Marvin, Dormer Colville and Monsieur de Gemosac, shared this knowledge and awaited impatiently enough an answer which could assuredly be only in the affirmative. Clubbe was busy enough throughout the day at the old slipway where *The Last Hope* was under repair—the last ship, it appeared likely, that the rotten timbers could support or the old, old shipwrights mend.

Loo Barebone was no less regular in his attendance at the river-side, and worked all day on deck or in the rigging at leisurely sail-making or neat seizing of a worn rope. He was gay, and therefore incomprehensible, to a slow-thinking, grave-faced race.

"What do I want with a heritage?" he asked carelessly. "I am mate of *The Last Hope*—and that is all. Give me time. I have not made up my mind yet, but I think it will be 'No.'"

And oddly enough it was Colville who preached patience to his companions in suspense.

"Give him time," he said. "There can only be one answer to such a proposal. But he is young. It is not when we are young that we see the world as it really is, but live in a land of dreams. Give him time."

The Marquis de Gemosac was impatient, however, and was for telling Barebone more than had been disclosed to him.

"There is no knowing," he cried, "what that *canaille* is doing in France."

"There is no knowing," admitted Colville, with his air of suppressing a half-developed yawn; "but I think we know all the same—you and I, Marquis. And there is no hurry."

After three days Loo Barebone had still given no answer. As he hoisted the sail and felt for the tiller in the dark he was perhaps meditating on this momentous reply, or perhaps he had made up his mind long before, and would hold to the decision even to his own undoing, as men do who are impulsive and not strong. The water lapped and gurgled round the bows, for the wind was almost ahead, and it was only by nursing the heavy boat that he saved the necessity of making a tack across the narrow creek. In the morning he had, as usual, run down into the river and to the slipway, little suspecting that Miriam and Sep were just above him behind the dyke, where they had sat three days before listening to Colville's story of the little boy who was a King. To-night he ran the boat into the coarse and wiry grass where Septimus Marvin's own dinghy lay, half hidden by the reeds, and he stumbled ashore, clutching at the dewy grass as he climbed the side of the dyke.

He went towards the turf shelter half despondently, and then stopped short a few yards away from it. For Miriam was there. He thought she was alone, and paused to make sure before he spoke. She was sitting at the far corner, sheltered from the north wind; for Farlingford is like a ship, always conscious of the lee and the weather side, and all who live there are half sailors in their habits, subservient to the wind.

"At last," said Loo, with a little vexed laugh. He could see her face turned towards him, but her eyes were only dark shadows beneath her hair. Her face looked white in the darkness. Her answering laugh had a soothing note in it.

"Why—at last?" she asked. Her voice was frank and quietly assured in its friendliness. They were old comrades, it seemed, and had never been anything else. The best friendship is that which has never known a quarrel, although poets and others may sing the tenderness of a reconciliation. The friendship that has a quarrel and a reconciliation in it is like a man with a weak place left in his constitution by a past sickness. He may die of something else in the end, but the probability is that he must reckon at last with that healed sore. The friendship may perish from some other cause—a marriage or success in life, one of the two great severers; but that salved quarrel is more than likely to recur and kill at last.

These two had never fallen out. And it was the woman who, contrary to custom, fended the quarrel now.

"Oh! because I have been here three nights in succession; I suppose, and did not find you here. I was disappointed."

"But you found Uncle Septimus in his study. I could hear you talking there until quite late."

"Oh! of course I was very glad to see him and talk with him. For it is to him that I owe a certain half-developed impatience with the uneducated—with whom I deal all my life, except for a few hours now and then in the study, and here in the turf shelter with you. I can see—even in the dark—that you look grave. Do not do that. It is not worth that."

He broke off with his easy laugh as if to banish any suggestion of gravity coming from himself.

"It is not worth looking grave about. And I am sorry if I was rude a minute ago. I had no right, of course, to assume that you would be here. I suppose it was impertinent—was that it?"

"I will not quarrel," she answered soothingly, "if that is what you want."

Her voice was oddly placid. It almost seemed to suggest that she had come to-night for a certain purpose; that one subject of conversation alone would interest her, and that to all others she must turn a deaf ear.

He came a little nearer, and, leaning against the turf wall, looked down at her. He was suddenly grave now. The rôles were again reversed; for it was the woman who was tenacious to one purpose, and the man who seemed inconsequent, flitting from grave to gay, from one thought to another. His apology had been made graciously enough, but with a queer pride quite

devoid of the sullenness which marks the pride of the humbly situated.

"No; I do not want that," he answered. "I want a little sympathy, that is all, because I have been educated above my station. And I looked for it from those who are responsible for that which is nearly always a catastrophe. And it is your uncle who educated me. He is responsible in the first instance, and, of course, I am grateful to him."

"He could never have educated you," said Miriam, "if you had not been ready for the education."

Barebone laughed carelessly and put aside the point. He must at all events have learnt humility from Septimus Marvin—a quality not natural to his temperament.

"And you are responsible as well," he went on, "because you have taught me a use for the education."

"Indeed," she said, gently and interrogatively, as if at last he had reached the point to which she wished to bring him.

"Yes—the best use to which I could ever put it. To talk to you on an equality."

He looked hard at her through the darkness, which was less intense now, for the moon was not far below the horizon. Her face looked white, and he thought that she was breathing quickly. But they had always been friends; he remembered that just in time.

"It is only natural that I should look forward when we are at sea to coming back here." He paused and kicked the turf wall with his heel as if to remind her that she had sat

in the same corner before, and he had leant against the same wall talking to her.

"They are good fellows, of course, with a hundred fine qualities which I lack, but they do not understand half that one may say or think—even the Captain. He is well educated in his way, but it is only the way of a coasting captain who has risen by his merits to the command of a foreign-going ship."

Miriam gave an impatient little sigh. He had veered again from the point.

"You think that I forget that he is my relative," said Loo sharply, detecting in his quickness of thought a passing resentment. "I do not. I never forget that. I am the son of his cousin; I know that; and thus related to many in Farlingford. But I have never called him cousin, and he has never asked me to."

"No," said Miriam with averted eyes, in that other voice which made him turn and look at her, catching his breath.

"Oh!" he said, with a sudden laugh of comprehension. "You have heard what I suppose is common talk in Farlingford. You know what has brought these people here; this Monsieur de Gemosac and the other—what is his name? Dormer Colville. You have heard of my magnificent possibilities. And I—I had forgotten all about them."

He threw out his arms in a gesture of gay contempt; for even in the dark he could not refrain from adding to the meaning of mere words a hundredfold by the help of his lean hands and mobile face.

"I have heard of it, of course," she admitted, "from several people; but I have heard most from Captain Clubbe. He takes it more seriously than you do. You do not know, because he is one of those men who are most silent with those to whom they are most attached. He thinks that it is providential that my uncle should have had the desire to educate you and that you should have displayed such capacity to learn."

"Capacity!" he protested; "say genius. Do not let us do things by halves. Genius to learn—yes, go on."

"Ah! you may laugh," Miriam said lightly. "But it is serious enough. You will find circumstances too strong for you. You will have to go to France to claim your—heritage."

"Not I, if it means leaving Farlingford for ever and going to live among strange people, like the Marquis de Gemosac, for instance, who gives me the impression of a thousand petty ceremonies and a million futile memories."

He turned and lifted his face to the breeze which blew from the sea over flat stretches of sand and sea-

weed—the crispest, most invigorating air in the world except that which blows on the Baltic shores.

"I prefer Farlingford. I am half a Clubbe, and the other half!—Heaven knows what that is—the offshoot of some forgotten seedling blown away from France by a great storm. If my father knew, he never said anything. And if he knew and said nothing, one may be sure that it was because he was ashamed of what he knew. You never saw him, or you would have known his dread of France or anything that was French. He was a man living in a dream. His body was here in Farlingford, but his mind was elsewhere—who knows where? And at times I feel that too—that unreality, as if I were here and somewhere else at the same time. But all the same, I prefer Farlingford, even if it is a dream."

The moon had risen at last, a waning half-moon lying low and yellow in the sky just above the horizon, casting a feeble light on earth. Loo turned and looked at Miriam, who had always met his glance with her thoughtful, steady eyes. But now she turned away.

"Farlingford is best at all events," he said with an odd conviction. "I am only the grandson of old Seth Clubbe, of Maiden's Grave. I am a Farlingford sailor, and that is all. I am mate of *The Last Hope*—at your service."

"You are more than that."

He made a step nearer to her, looking down at her white face, averted from him. For her voice had been

"Yes," he said slowly, "it is to be regretted. Is it because I am the son of a nameless father and only the mate of *The Last Hope*?"

"If you were before the mast," she answered, "if you were a king, it would make no difference. It is simply—because I do not care for you in that way."

"You do not care for me—in that way," he echoed with a laugh, which made her move as if she were shrinking. "Well, there is nothing more to be said to that."

He looked at her slowly and then took off his cap as if to bid her good-bye. But he forgot to replace it, and he went away with his cap in his hand. She heard the clink of a chain as he loosed his boat.

CHAPTER X.

IN THE ITALIAN HOUSE.

The Abbé Touvent was not a courageous man, and the perspiration induced by the climb from the high-road, up that which had once been the ramp, to the Château of Gemosac ran cold when he had turned the key in the rusty lock of the great gate. It was not a dark night, for the moon sailed serenely behind fleecy clouds, but the shadows cast by her silvery light might harbour any terror.

It is easy enough to be philosophic at home in a chair beside the lamp. In those circumstances, the Abbé had reflected that no one would rob him, because he possessed nothing worth stealing.

But now, out here in the dark, he recalled a hundred instances of wanton murder duly recorded in the newspaper which he shared with three parishioners in Gemosac.

He paused to wipe his brow with a blue cotton handkerchief before pushing open the gate, and, being alone, was not too proud to peep through the key-hole before laying his shoulder against the solid and weather-beaten oak. He glanced nervously at the loopholes in the flanking towers and upwards at the machicolated battlement overhanging him, as if any crumbling peep-hole might harbour gleaming eyes. He hurried through the passage beneath the vaulted roof without daring to glance to either side, where doorways and steps to the towers were rendered more fearsome by heavy curtains of ivy.

The enceinte of the Castle of Gemosac is three-sided, with four towers jutting out at the corners, from which to throw a flanking fire upon any who

should raise a ladder against the great curtains, built of that smooth white stone which is quarried at Brantôme and on the banks of the Dordogne. The fourth side of the enceinte stands on a solid rock above the river that loses itself in the flat lands bordering the Gironde, so that it can scarce be called a tributary of that wide water. A moss-grown path round the walls will give a quick walker ten minutes' exercise to make the round from one tower of the gateway to the other.

Within the enceinte are the remains of the old castle, still solid and upright, erected, it is recorded, by the English during their long occupation of the country. A more modern château, built after the final expulsion of the invader, adjoins the ancient structure; and in the centre of the vast enclosure, raised above the walls, stands a square house in the Italian style, built in the time of Marie de Medicis and never yet completed. There are also gardens and shaded walks and vast stables, a chapel, two crypts, and many crumbling remains inside the walls, that offered a passive resistance to the foe in olden time and as successfully hold their own to-day against the prying eye of a democratic curiosity.

Above the stables, quite close to the gate, half-a-dozen rooms were in the occupation of the Marquis de Gemosac; but it was not to these that the Abbé Touvent directed his tremulous steps.

Instead, he went towards the square, isolated house standing in the middle of that which had once been the great court, and was now half garden, half hayfield. The hay had been cut, and the scent of the new stack standing against the walls of the oldest château and



"At last," said Loo, with a little vexed laugh.

uncertain, unsteady, as if she were speaking against her will.

"Even if I am only that," he said, suddenly grave, "Farlingford may still be a dream. Farlingford and—you."

"What do you mean?" she asked in a quick mechanical voice, as if she had reached a desired crisis at last and was prepared to act.

"Oh, I only mean what I have meant always," he answered. "But I have been afraid—afraid. One hears sometimes of a woman who is generous enough to love a man who is a nobody, to think only of Love. Sometimes—last voyage, when you used to sit where you are sitting now—I have thought that it might have been my extraordinary good fortune to meet such a woman."

He waited for some word or sign, but she sat motionless.

"You understand," he went on, "how contemptible must seem their talk of a heritage in France when such a thought is in one's mind—even if—"

"Yes," she interrupted hastily. "You were quite wrong. You were mistaken."

"Mistaken in thinking you—"

"Yes," she interrupted again. "You are quite mistaken, and I am very sorry, of course, that it should have happened."

She was singularly collected, and spoke in a matter-of-fact voice. Barebone's eyes gleamed suddenly; for she had aroused—perhaps purposely—a pride which must have accumulated in his blood through countless generations. She struck with no uncertain hand.

under its leaking roof came warm and aromatic to mix with the breath of the evening primrose and rosemary clustering in disorder on the ill-defined borders. The grim walls that had defended the Gemosacs against franker enemies in other days served now to hide from the eye of the villagers the fact, which must, however, have been known to them, that the Marquis de Gemosac, in gloves, kept this garden himself, and had made the hay with no other help than that of his old coachman and Marie, that capable, brown-faced *bonne-à-tout-faire* who is assuredly the best man in France to-day.

In this clear Southern atmosphere the moon has twice the strength of that to which we are accustomed in mistier lands, and the Abbé looked about him with more confidence as he crossed the great court. There were frogs in a rain-water tank constructed many years ago when some enterprising foe had been known to cut off the water-supply of a besieged château, and their friendly croak brought a sense of company and comfort to the Abbé's timid soul.

The door of the Italian house stood open, for the interior had never been completed, and only one apartment, a lofty banquetting-hall, had ever been furnished. Within the doorway, the Abbé fumbled in the pocket of his soutane and rattled a box of matches. He carried a parcel in his hand, which he now unfolded, and laid out on the lid of a mouldy chest half-a-dozen or so of candles. When he struck a match a flight of bats whirled out of the doorway, and the Abbé's breath whistled through his teeth.

He lighted two candles, and carrying them both in one hand—not without dexterity, for candles played an important part in his life—he went forward. The flickering light showed his face to be a fat one, kind enough, gleaming now with perspiration and fear, but shiny at other times with that Christian tolerance which makes men kind to their own failings. It was very dark within the house, for all the shutters were closed.

The Abbé lighted a third candle and fixed it with a drop of its own wax on the high mantel of the great banquetting-hall. There were four or five candlesticks on side tables, and a candelabrum stood in the centre of a long table running the length of the room. In a few minutes the Abbé had illuminated the apartment, which smelt of dust and the days of a dead monarchy. Above his head the bats were describing complicated figures against a ceiling which had once been painted in the Italian style to represent a trellis roof with roses and vines entwined. Half-a-dozen portraits of men in armour and wigs looked down from the walls. One or two of them were rotting from their frames and dangled a despondent corner out into the room.

There were chairs round the table, set as if for a phantom banquet amid these mouldering environments, and their high carved backs threw fantastic shadows on the wall.

While the Abbé was still employed with the candles he heard a heavy step and loud breathing in the hall without, where he had carefully left a light.

"Why did you not wait for me on the hill, *mal-honnête*?" asked a thick voice, like the voice of a man, but the manner was the manner of a woman. "I am sure you must have heard me. One hears me like a locomotive now that I have lost my slimness."

She came into the room as she spoke, unwinding a number of black knitted shawls in which she was enveloped. There were so many of them, and of such different shape and texture, that some confusion ensued. The Abbé ran to her assistance.

"But, Madame," he cried, "how can you suspect me of such a crime? I came early to make these

preparations. And as for hearing you, would to Heaven I had! For it needs courage to be a Royalist in these days, especially in the dark by oneself."

He seemed to know the shawls, for he disentangled them with skill and laid them aside one by one.

The Comtesse de Chantonay breathed a little more freely, but no friendly hand could disencumber her of the mountains of flesh which must have weighed down any heart less buoyant and courageous.

"Ah, bah!" she cried gaily. "Who is afraid? What could they do to an old woman—ah! you hold up your hands. That is kind of you. But I am no longer young, and there is my Albert—with those stupid whiskers. It is unfilial to wear whiskers, and I have told him so. And you—who could harm you—a priest? Besides, no one could be a priest and not a Royalist, Abbé!"

lantern and lost it in the long grass. I left him looking for it in the dark. He was not afraid, my brave Albert."

"He has the dauntless heart of his mother," murmured the Abbé gracefully as he ran round the table, setting the chairs in order. He had already offered the largest and strongest to the Comtesse, and it was creaking under her now as she moved to set her dress in order.

"Assuredly," she admitted complacently. "Has not France produced a Jeanne d'Arc and a Duchesse de Berri? It was not from his father, at all events, that he inherited his courage. For he was a poltroon, that man. Yes, my dear Abbé, let us be honest and look at life as it is. He was a poltroon, and I thought I loved him for two or three days only, however. And I was a child then. I was beautiful."

"Was?" echoed the Abbé reproachfully.

"Silence, wicked one! And you a priest."

"Even an ecclesiastic, Madame, may have eyes," he said darkly, as he snuffed a candle and subsequently gave himself a mechanical thump on the chest in the region of the heart.

"Then they should wear blinkers like a horse," said Madame severely, as if wearied by an admiration so universal that it palled.

At this moment Albert de Chantonay entered the room. He was enveloped in a long black cloak, which he threw off his shoulders and cast over the back of a chair, not without an obvious appreciation of its possibilities of the picturesque. He looked round the room with a mild eye, which refused to lend itself to mystery or a martial ruthlessness.

He was a young man with a very thin neck, and the whiskers of which his mother made complaint were scarcely visible by the light of the Abbé's candles.

"Good," he said in a thin, tenor voice. "We are in time."

He came forward to the table with long, nervous strides. He was not exactly impressive, but his manner gave the assurance of a distinct earnestness of purpose. The majority of us are unfortunately situated towards the world as regards personal appearance. Many could pass for great if their physical proportions were less mean. There are thousands of worthy and virtuous young men who never receive their due in social life because they have red hair or stand four-feet-six high or happen to be the victim of an inefficient dentist. The world, it would seem, does not want virtue or solid worth. It prefers appearance to either. Albert de Chantonay would, for instance, have carried twice the weight in Royalist councils if his neck had been thicker.

He nodded to the Abbé.

"I received your message," he said in the curt manner of the man whose life is in

his hand or is understood in French theatrical circles to be thus uncomfortably situated. "The letter?"

"It is here, Monsieur Albert," replied the Abbé, who was commonplace and could not see himself as he wished others to see him. There was only one Abbé Touvent, for morning or afternoon, for church or fête, for the château or the cottage. There were a dozen Alberts de Chantonay, fierce or tender, gay or sad—a poet or a soldier—a light *persifleur* who had passed through the mill and had emerged hard and shining, or a young man of soul capable of high ideals. To-night he was the politician—the conspirator, quick of eye, curt of speech.

He held out his hand for the letter.

"You are to read it, as Monsieur le Marquis instructs me, Monsieur Albert," hazarded the Abbé, touching the breast-pocket of his soutane, where Monsieur de Gemosac's letter lay hidden, "to those assembled."

"But surely I am to read it to myself first," was the retort, "or else how can I give it proper value?"

(To be continued.)



He held out his hand for the letter.

"I know it, Madame, and that is why I am one. Have we been seen, Madame la Comtesse? The village was quiet as you came through?"

"Quiet as my poor husband in his grave. Tell me, Abbé, now, honestly, am I thinner? I have deprived myself of coffee these two days."

The Abbé walked gravely round her. It was quite an excursion.

"Who would have you different, Madame, from what you are?" he temporised. "To be thin is so ungenerous. And Albert, where is he? You have not surely come alone?"

"Heaven forbid! and I a widow," replied Madame de Chantonay, arranging with a stout hand the priceless lace on her dress. "Albert is coming. We brought a lantern although it is a moon. It is better. Besides, it is always done by those who conspire. And Albert had his great cloak, and he fell up a step in the courtyard, and dropped the

DISASTER AND REBELLION IN NORTH AND SOUTH.



1. THE HOUSE OF THE HERRERO CHIEF. 2. KAISER-WILHELMSBERG, IN OKAHANDJA. 3. STATION-MASTER'S HOUSE AT OUFANA. 4. THE CHIEF OF THE HERRERO TRIBE, SAMUEL MAHARERO.

THE HERRERO RISING IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: SCENES IN THE DISTURBED DISTRICT.

DRAWN BY G. MONTBARD, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KARL SCHREIBER, SWAKOPMUND.



Photo. Lauritz.

THE DISASTROUS FIRE AT AALESUND, NORWAY: THE TOWN, DESTROYED ON JANUARY 23.

Of Aalesund, which, like most Norwegian towns, was built entirely of wood, only a few houses are left. Twelve thousand persons have been rendered homeless, and have suffered terribly owing to the inclement weather.

FORTUNE-TELLING BY KITE-FLYING: A MODERN MOORISH CUSTOM.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



MOORISH GIRLS CONSULTING THE FATES.

On the flat house-tops of Morocco girls may often be seen flying kites, which they believe will give an augury of their future. If the kite remains unbroken, good fortune is in store for them; if mishap befalls it, evil days will be their portion. Their faith in the oracle is so great that mishap to the kite plunges them in dejection.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

ABOUT BARNACLES.

It has been suggested to me that one of our science papers might, with advantage, be devoted to a description of the barnacles as evidences and instances of that process of physical degeneration to which allusion was made in this column a few weeks ago. Interest in the barnacle class was revived some time since by the announcement or suggestion that the speed of Russian war-vessels had been found to be materially reduced through the presence of barnacles on the ships' sides. It is hardly conceivable that even with the rapid growth of barnacles in warm latitudes a war-ship would be allowed to become so encrusted as to affect its progress through the water; yet such is the fact. In the old days of wooden ships the scraping of the sides was a duty which frequently fell to be discharged when port was reached.

The question "What is a barnacle?" may be answered in the language of Huxley: that it is a low and degenerate crab, fixed head downwards in its shell, and kicking its food into its mouth with its feet. This definition is most exact. First of all the barnacle is a member of the crab or crustacean class; secondly, it is a degenerate form, and has undergone a process of physiological and anatomical retrogression; thirdly, the so-called barnacle "hand," or feelers, undoubtedly corresponds with the legs of the higher members of its class, and they are used to waft food-particles into the mouth; while, fourthly, when we watch the barnacle's development, we certainly see that its point of attachment in its shell is that which represented the head of the young form.

The evidence that the barnacle is a degenerate is not difficult to discover. In its young state it presents us with eyes, legs, a digestive apparatus, and so forth; and it is a free-swimming creature, not at all unlike the "water-fleas" seen in fresh waters, which last, by the way, are also members of the crab class. As development proceeds, the body becomes encased in a first shell, afterwards to be succeeded by the permanent structure. Then develop the head-appendages or feelers. These grow very large, and when the free-swimming life is over, and the period of settlement dawns, we find these feelers used to fix the barnacle to its floating log of wood or to its ship. Cement glands pour out a marine glue through the feelers, and this glue causes our barnacle to adhere for life to its domicile. Then the shell is completed, and life begins in earnest with the "legs" of the barnacle ever sweeping backwards and forwards in the water by way of bringing grist to the mill in the shape of food, and also by way of constituting or assisting the breathing function.

The barnacle is attached to its coign of vantage by means of a fleshy stalk. This stalk is wanting in certain of its near neighbours—the "acorn shells" to wit, which cover every rock at the seaside. Between the sea-acorns and barnacles there is not much to choose, in so far as their rank is concerned. They are both of the degenerate and backsliding order, because they evince at large a retrogression in type in the adult stage of life from the degree of development they exhibit in the young state. In ordinary life we expect and find the adult to be higher than the young. The barnacles reverse this order of things, and show us young which are higher than the full-grown forms. Yet they are by no means so low in nature as certain other groundlings of the crab class.

This lowering of body is the penalty life has to pay when it chooses low ways in place of higher levels. The parasite degenerates because it has renounced the work of getting a living for itself, and sponges upon a "host" as an unwelcome and unbidden guest. It is in the active tides of life, in the very heart of the struggle for existence, that bone and muscle, thew and sinew, are developed, and that progress is alone possible. It is activity and work which bring the animal to its high estate, as it is idleness and temper that cause it to backslide. Our barnacles are pretty far down the hill as they exist to-day, but things might have been worse.

Antiquarians have found in the barnacles a rich field of study, because they were long confused with certain higher animals, the Bernicle or Barnacle Geese. Giraldus Cambrensis in his "Topographia Hibernica" (1154-1189) tells us of birds called "Bernacæ," which are produced in a marvellous way from "fir timber tossed along the sea." Surrounded by shells, they hang peak-downwards; then, becoming coated with feathers, they fall into the water as birds, or fly away into the air. In Munster's "Cosmography" (1550) and in Gerard's "Herball" (1597), we find an illustration of the "barnacle tree." We see the geese protruding from some of the fruits of this marvellous plant, while others, set free, are disporting themselves in the water below.

Sir Robert Moray, before the Royal Society of Edinburgh (1677-78), actually described his having seen little shells growing on a fir-tree cast up by the waves on the island of Uist, the shells "having within them little Birds, perfectly shaped, supposed to be Barnacles." This observation represents something more than the unscientific use of imagination; but the myth that bernicle geese arose from the sea-barnacles held its own for many a long day. Max Müller was of opinion that the bernicle geese were first caught in Ireland—Hibernia. They were called *Hibernicula* in consequence, while the true barnacles were named *Bernacula*. When the first syllable of the name of the goose was dropped, the name became *Bernacula* or *Bernicula*. Confused in name, the two animals became confused in nature, and a myth, always hard to stifle and kill, thus became started, persisting till in later days science made clear the nature of the mistake.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H M PRIDEAUX (Bristol).—Thanks for letter and problem, which we have no doubt will prove as excellent as usual.

A W DANIEL (Bridgend).—"A" will be inserted very soon; "B" we will examine.

E J WINNER WOOD.—We think you had better send another position.

G STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.—Kt to K sq (ch) instead of Kt to B sq yields another solution to your problem of Oct. 2. Of your other contributions, No. 1 has a second solution by 1. B to B 3rd, No. 2 by 1. K to Kt 7th, and No. 3 by 1. B takes P. In No. 4 the White Pawns are in an impossible position.

PHILIP DALY (Brighton).—Your problem shall appear shortly.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3109 and 3111 received from Nripendranath Maitra (Calcutta); of No. 3113 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and T W W (Bootham); of No. 3114 from Charles H Allen, A J Allen (Hampstead), T W W (Bootham), F B (Worthing), and A J Potter (Budapest); of No. 3115 from T W W (Bootham), Calloope (Wycombe), G Bakker (Rotterdam), T Roberts, Richard Murphy (Wexford), C E Perugini, M Hobhouse, F Ede (Canterbury), Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Marco Salem (Bologna), F B (Worthing), O Pearce (Wotton-under-Edge), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and A G (Pancsova).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3116 received from F Henderson (Leeds), Joseph Cook, J W (Campsie), R H Watson (Liverpool), Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), J D Tucker (Ilkley), P D (Brighton), Martin F, R Worters (Canterbury), Reginald Gordon, L Desanges, B O Clark (Wolverhampton), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), F Ede (Canterbury), T J Langdon (Clapham), Shadforth, Charles Burnett, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), T Roberts, and J Coad.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3115.—By REV. J. JESPERSEN.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 4th
2. Q to B 4th (ch)
3. Q or Kt mates.

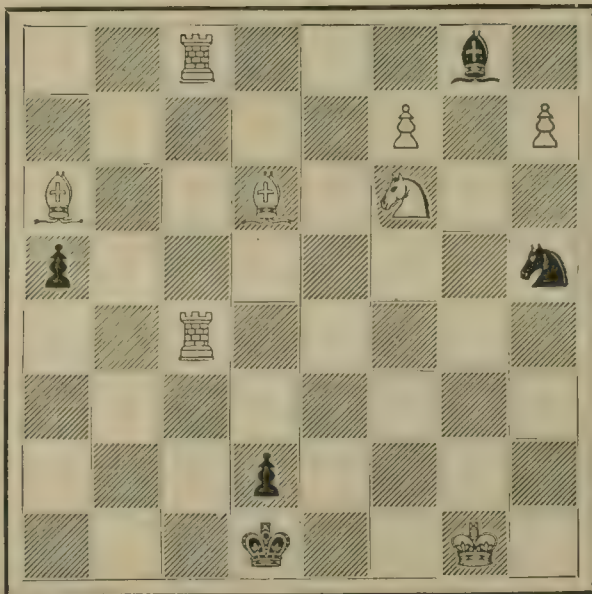
BLACK.

- P to Kt 6th
- K takes Q, or moves

If Black play 1. P to B 5th, 2. Q to K 7th (ch); if 1. P to Q 6th, 2. Q to K sq (ch); if 1. B to K 3rd, 2. Kt to Q 3rd (ch); 2. K takes B, 3. Q to K sq, mate.

PROBLEM No. 3118.—By H. A. SALWAY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Inter-University match, between Messrs. SCHOONMAKER (Princeton) and ADAMS (Yale).

(Queen's Gambit.)

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BLACK (Mr. A.)

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THE MODERN VULCAN AND HIS COLOSSAL LABOURS: FEATS OF FORGING AT THE KRUPP FACTORY.



OLD FORGING METHODS.

1. AN OLD FORGING HAMMER IN USE
HOFK 1861.
2. THE 50-TON FALLING HAMMER OF 1861.

THE LATEST FORGING METHODS.

3. A GIANT TURNING-LATHE: FINISHING A HUGE
STEAM-SHIP SCREW-SHAFT 45 METRES LONG.
4. THE GREAT SCREW-SHAFT DURING ITS REMOVAL
FROM THE WORKSHOP.
5. A 5000-TON HYDRAULIC PRESS.
6. TRANSPORT OF A BLOCK OF STEEL FOR THE SHAFT.
7. BLOCK OF CAST STEEL FOR THE GREAT SHAFT
BEING PLACED UNDER THE 5000-TON PRESS.



PITY BEFORE PARTY: A GOOD SAMARITAN.

FROM THE ACADEMY PICTURE BY EDGAR BUNDY, R.I.

The Property of The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited.

BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND DRAMA

Commissioner Kerr—An Individuality. By G. Pitt-Lewis, K.C. (London: Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Recollections of a Royal Academician. By J. C. Horsley. (London: John Murray. 12s. net.)

Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering. Edited by her Son, Spencer Pickering, F.R.S.; together with Extracts from the Journals of her Father, John Spencer Stanhope, F.R.S., describing his Travels and Imprisonment under Napoleon. With six photogravures. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. net.)

Old-Time Travel. By Alexander Innes Shand. Illustrated by A. H. Hallam Murray. (London: John Murray.)

Shakespeare. Edited, with a Glossary, by W. J. Craig, M.A. Three vols. (Oxford: Henry Frowde.)

The promise of the title of Mr. Pitt-Lewis's volume is not borne out by the performance. "Commissioner Kerr—An Individuality," contains, of necessity, much of Commissioner Kerr; of misfortune, singularly little of his individuality. The precise reason is difficult to see. Mr. Pitt-Lewis had every opportunity of studying his subject: he had not only watched "the dustman clear the rubbish" at the City of London Court, but himself had cleared it—and the subject, his eccentricities, his guerilla warfare against counsel and solicitors in the matter of excessive costs, his detestation of the money-lender and the giver of credit, and his objection to taking notes, provide ample material for an entertaining biography. Yet the fact remains that this "Memorial," even if it be savoury meat to the lawyer, will of a certainty be caviare—or some stodgier viand—to the general. Were it not, indeed, for the frontispiece and for certain judicious extracts from the newspapers, the Commissioner would remain to those who here meet him for the first time the most indefinite of shadows: "The Commissioner appears to glory in the noise. He waits until he catches something with which he disagrees, and then pounces down upon the speaker like a cat upon a mouse. He reminds one of an agile performer playing upon half a dozen kettle-drums. Now he gives a tap to the defendant; now to the plaintiff's advocate; now to the mild-looking gentleman in a Barrister's wig, who, seemingly, is the Court's Registrar; now to four witnesses who will speak together. Then he keeps quite silent until the two advocates are once more fighting hammer and tongs, when, after a few minutes' pause, he suddenly brings the case to a hurried conclusion by abruptly announcing his decision. . . . The title of the Court might be 'Rough and Ready,' in recognition of the hearty simplicity with which it is conducted." There is the man; the extract is from *Punch*. To sum up, "Commissioner Kerr—An Individuality," is dull. It is a monument of care, but the "fewest possible words" in which the writer has sought to convey an impression of the Judge's strong personal characteristics might well have been fewer still. Nor is the text enlivened by the few jokes contained in it: they are of the class that is apt to appeal to the junior Bar, of that distinctly legal type conveniently labelled "laughter."

It is curious that one who was with us yesterday had a description from an eye-witness of the return of the Duke of Cumberland after Culloden. Such bridging of time emphasises the great age of the author of this book, which might otherwise be disappointing, since it is silent on such points of current discussion as the responsibilities of the Royal Academy, and the progress and tendencies of art—matters on which some expression of opinion might reasonably be looked for. But in his eighty-sixth year Mr. Horsley may well have held himself outside the clash of opinion that indicates vitality and generally accompanies advance. At least the personal reminiscences of one who accomplished much and met many notable people, aided by his retentive memory and gift of vivid expression, constitute an entertaining volume. There are glimpses of Kensington when the woods were still growing on Camden Hill, and when people going so far as Piccadilly at night formed themselves into bands for mutual protection against footpads; the gravel-pits of Bayswater and Kensington Gardens, and the toll-bar at Tyburn Gate, now the Marble Arch, are recalled, and there are memories of Queen Victoria riding through Kensington as a child. Later on, the artist was commanded to paint the infant Princess Beatrice, and has recorded several pleasant recollections of the Queen, who often watched the progress of his work. Many of the notes are naturally concerned with artists—Turner, with his candid and laconic criticisms of his brother painters; the pugilistic tastes of the Mulreadys; and attributes of several others, including the Presidents, from Sir Thomas Lawrence to Millais. Among the author's closest friends were Brunel and Mendelssohn, and a considerable portion of the book is devoted to these memorable persons. Mr. Horsley heard Tom Moore sing. "Though he had not a spark of tune in his voice, the poet's recitation of his own fervent words to occasional chords was . . . really impressive." On the same occasion occurred Sydney Smith's amusing rebuke of Monckton Milnes, who persisted in calling him "Smith." They were going to the Archbishop's reception at Lambeth, and Smith offered Milnes a seat in his carriage, adding, "You must do me one favour—don't call the Archbishop 'Hooley'!" One of the most diverting stories relates to a Lord Mayor's dinner, at which Lord O'Hagan, on receiving a message through the toastmaster that he was required to speak, protested against such a request being made without giving him time for preparation. "Prurperation, my Lord," said the toastmaster; "why, if we were to give the gentlemen the time for prurperation, they would speak all the evening!"

Among the numerous memoirs and reminiscences which are published year after year, the Pickering volume will always take a high place. It excels in the very qualities which connoisseurs in this class of literature most appreciate, for it is garrulous without being trivial, frank without being scandalous, and it is concerned almost entirely either with people whose reputation has

survived to the present day, or with people who are interesting with the eternal interest always attaching to odd and curious human nature. Mr. Pickering, who is a distinguished chemist and physicist, has wisely left his mother to tell her own story, which was unfortunately cut short by her death when she had reached in her journal the Chartist disturbances of 1848. Mrs. Pickering has much to tell of her grandfather, Thomas Coke of Norfolk, afterwards first Earl of Leicester of the present creation: him she positively adored, as indeed did everyone who knew him. Both Holkham (Whig) and Cannon Hall (Tory), with their innumerable connections with Ansons, Primroses, Keppels, Macdonalds, and so on, were centres of vivid social life. The temptation to quote is irresistible. Mrs. Pickering and her parents are making a Continental tour, and they met Baron Borselager, a charming example of the old, simple Prussian aristocrat. Says Mrs. Pickering: "I heard the Baron say one day that he had the highest possible opinion of Franz Joseph, the Emperor of Austria. He was quite young, but he thought him clever, and a very superior man; and he said that, if he lived, he would make his mark among the Sovereigns of Europe. He said that when the Emperor was staying with him, he (the Emperor) told him the one thing he most regretted was that he had not been educated at Eton." There are delightful glimpses of Queen Victoria in her youth both before and after her accession. When the present King was born, the old Duke of Sussex, who was staying at Holkham, was very much afraid they would call him "Albert," but "it was not an English name, and as such was not a fit name for a King of England." Altogether, it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the wealth of anecdote and reminiscence in these delightful pages. The later portions of the book are occupied by extracts from the journals kept by Mr. Spencer Stanhope, Mrs. Pickering's father, and here many passages are of real interest to the student of history. A word must be said in conclusion in praise of the charming reproductions of family portraits with which the volume abounds.

If the Continent offered to the modern visitor half the pleasure it gave to Mr. Shand in the 'sixties, we of these later times would have good cause for gratitude. "Old-Time Travel" is a delightful book of the kind for which we are largely indebted to the house of Murray. It is written by an author who has seen life at its best in many aspects—an Epicurean in the most approved sense, a traveller who has tasted and appreciated everything that the Continent has to offer to a cultured visitor. In the heyday of his travel time, Mr. Shand has despised none of life's good things: his palate is as cultivated as his pen, and this is high praise, for he writes with distinction. We follow the narrative of past times in foreign lands with a pleasure only marred by the reflection that the facilities for travel by which the million benefit have taken much of the picturesque quality from Continental life. Mr. Shand remembers Holland when horses did the work that falls now to railway trains, and Brussels when a feast that Lucullus would not have disdained was served daily at a certain hotel for three francs. In those times, so reminiscent of the golden age, a fair piece of shooting could be hired for the season in Belgium for six pounds. *Eheu fugaces!* Then cash was a rare commodity on the Continent, and paper money took its place. Italian Customs officers lived on the bribes they received, and a castle on the Rhine was one of the prizes of the Hamburg Lottery. Its light beer and lighter music made the Viennese regard their famous city with peculiar pride. In Italy one travelled at leisure by the *vettura* over very indifferent roads, and where Bomba ruled in Naples there were brigands in plenty, and travellers went armed, just as they did in Mexico before Porfirio Diaz turned the highwaymen into a police force. The Camorra held sway in Naples in the days of Mr. Shand's first visit, and all over the Rome of the Popes, the Princes of the Church were to be met, driving in their splendid coaches and attired in scarlet or purple and fine linen. Throughout Italy our author finds only Venice unaltered in these latter days; the other cities have changed, apparently for the better. He knew Paris under the Empire when Baron Haussmann was rebuilding it, and the Third Napoleon was living in a state that sorted ill with his own simple tastes. In those days the French capital must have been more fascinating than Rome or Naples or Vienna. Mr. Shand visited Spain and endured the troubles that wait even to-day upon visitors to the *ventas* of that delightful country; he caught a glimpse of Morocco from Tarifa, and has fallen into the very common error of adding an unnecessary "s" to Tangier. To be brief, Mr. Shand travelled wisely and well, and his recollections, unaided, he tells us, by notes of any kind, make most pleasant reading. Mr. Hallam Murray's illustrations, though they are often divorced from the text, add considerably to the worth of the volume.

The Oxford University Press continues its beautiful miniature edition of the English poets (which began with Milton) in a three-volume "Shakespeare," edited, with a glossary, by Mr. W. J. Craig. The editor, one would think, must have his hands very full of Shakespeare work just now, for only the other day we seem to remember seeing his signature on an edition in single plays. The volumes of the Oxford edition, which is the usual marvel of India paper, are divided into the "Tragedies," the "Comedies," and "Histories, Poems, and Sonnets." Mr. Craig, in a preface of praiseworthy brevity, shows that he has exercised a properly conservative spirit in dealing with the text. He has adopted a change only after convincing himself that the characteristics of Shakespeare's vocabulary or literary style failed to justify the original reading. The arrangement of the plays is that which may be called the "traditional," and for this we owe Mr. Craig much thanks; for however useful Dr. Furnivall's chronological order may be for illustrating the poet's development, we confess that it often leads to difficulty in finding the particular play to which reference is desired.

THE PEN OF ROBERT CECIL.

Full appreciation of the late Lord Salisbury's literary genius—for it was nothing else—must be delayed until his anonymous writings are collected and given to the world, but some foretaste of this noteworthy contribution to English political philosophy and history may be gained from the pages of the *Quarterly Review* for January, where the articles which the Marquis wrote for that periodical between the years 1860 and 1883 form the subject of a brief discussion and commentary. It was always understood that Lord Salisbury, besides being a great statesman, was also an accomplished man of science, and if not a man of letters, at any rate a journalist of singular ability and power; and there are doubtless some who used to recognise his hand in the *Quarterly*, the *Saturday*, and even, it is said, in the *Standard*. But to the majority of readers, especially those of the younger generation, the manner and quality of Lord Salisbury's writing remain an unapprehended mystery, exemplifying, perhaps, in many minds, the truth of the maxim, "Omne ignotum pro magnifico." With acquaintance won, however, there comes no disillusion. Magnificent the writing of Robert Cecil truly was, and the fuller revelation of his power must accord him his due place among the masters of pure and melodious English. No prose writer, indeed, of the latter half of the nineteenth century has shown so delicate and just a sense alike of the rhythmic flexibility of the language and of its majestic diapason. For with Salisbury it was a means, not an end; and therein lies the success of every stylist—if a stylist be not too trifling a name for the masters whose all-compelling thought arms them, at need, with the very weapon for its expression. Strivers after mere daintinesses of language may be likened to the musician who should content himself with contriving many pleasing chords unwoven into organic unity. Of conscious straining after the phrase there is in Robert Cecil's writings no trace, but the phrase is there—memorable, mordant, inevitable, yet never disturbing the balance and harmony of his finely articulated periods.

"In the impressive silence of his private life," says the reviewer, "Lord Salisbury wielded a pen of singular power and productivity." The public has never known the real extent of his authorship, but "had he chosen to write his name at the foot of everything he printed, the world to-day would be perplexed whether to hail him as one of the greatest statesmen of the Victorian epoch or its most brilliant political essayist." The bulk of his work, it is surmised, appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, and these articles, it is justly contended, present us with an absolutely new picture of the man. But the picture can scarcely be deemed complete, for by a curious contradiction the two topics which touched the late Prime Minister most nearly—foreign politics and science—are but meagrely represented. Persons who sneer at the making of 'sun-pictures as a recreation for thinking men will learn with something of a shock that Lord Salisbury's one scientific contribution was on the subject of "Photography," and that "there is no more lucid account of the chemistry of photography extant. Even at this distance of time it may be read in preference to many a modern manual." His essays on foreign affairs were for the most part intended to be read in their relation to home politics, and upon them no serious theories of his views on foreign policy are to be founded. It is, of course, his writings upon internal affairs that have the best claim to consideration. The first of the long and splendid succession deals with the Reform Bill of 1860, and betrays a conscientious dread of democratic power that must seem almost amusing even to the most hide-bound of modern Tories—

We are humbly carrying our homage to some new king, but we know neither his name nor character. When the transfer is effected, when the new reign is opened, when the old rulers are irrevocably dethroned, then the veil will be drawn aside, and we shall see the form and lineaments of the now unknown power which will thenceforth dispose of the fortunes of England. Until this interesting revelation is made, it is scarcely worth while to speculate. Some say the publicans will be our masters; others declare that it will be the trade unions. It is a blessed choice between debauchery and crime. On the whole, we pray for King Publican and his merry rule. If the sceptre is to be wielded for the benefit of one, and that the hungriest class, the weaker the hands it falls into the better. Anyhow, Flagabulus is more tolerable than Caligula.

The account of the scene in the Commons on the night of Mr. Gladstone's Budget speech is a picturesque and vivid masterpiece, before which even the most praiseworthy efforts of the so-called "Parliamentary descriptive writers" fade into cheap tawdriness. Happy would have been the daily newspaper that could have secured Robert Cecil as its Gallery reporter. Although he characterises as a malicious invention the remark that Gladstone's recovery from bronchitis just in time to make his momentous communication was an ingenious piece of stage-management, there is nevertheless some glimmering of "the master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers" in the mere putting of the saying on record; but the faint insinuation is more than atoned for in the generous and unhesitating tribute paid to the Chancellor's genius.

When Mr. Gladstone finally joined the extreme Reformers, Lord Salisbury's indulgent mood vanished, and he made his opponent's gyrations the handle for such inimitable gibes as the following parody of Macaulay's New Zealander—

Some Antipodean Niebuhr, in distant centuries, grubbing up the files of the *Times* from the ruins of the Museum, will surely come to the conclusion that the simultaneous representative of so many schools of thought could not have been one and the same person, but that "Gladstone" must have been some title of office symbolical of the affable sternness required of a Chancellor of the Exchequer.

His most tremendous performance was undeniably the article which shattered Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill; but at this distance of time Lord Salisbury's writings must be considered less as mere party weapons than as superb expositions of a sagacious and lofty statesmanship, inspired by an earnestness that had sacrificed personal inclination and ease on the altar of patriotism.



BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE NOW ALMOST EXTINCT CANOE-DWELLERS AND OTHER TRIBES OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO,
BY W. S. BARCLAY.

THE South American Continent does not, properly speaking, end in Cape Horn, for a narrow passage some two hundred and fifty miles long cuts across it somewhat further north. A forty-foot tide races twice a day into the Atlantic entrance of this passage, covering and uncovering dangerous shoals as a wild beast bares its gums. On these shoals many a good ship's back has broken. As we adventure to the west, the waterway stretches between twin ranges of splintered hills, covered to the low snow-line by a dripping forest of Antarctic birch, its sombre green seared at short intervals by blue-white glaciers which push their frozen hummocks to the water's verge, or discharge a cascade from cliffs so high that only an icy spray, touched with rainbow hue, falls athwart the steamer's deck. Throughout all the year the roaring sou'-west wind blusters past, bringing in its train—save for some short, deceptive calm—showers of rain and sleet and a cloak of trailing mist. Such are the famous Straits of Magellan, which guard the yet more broken channels and islands terminating in Cape Horn—a fit barrier of the wild races who, in that wild land, mark man's farthest limit to the South.

Since Darwin published his famous "Voyage of a Naturalist," made in H.M.S. *Beagle* in 1834, Fuegians have been generally classed as one tribe—"the lowest step in the human ladder"—while popular credulity, based on the fears of ship-captains beating a painful passage home, cheerfully consented to dub them wreckers and cannibals as well. Only of late has the mist of half-truth lifted, so that we may judge them fairly; and the task must be undertaken speedily if at all. During twenty years of contact with whites, the numbers of the Yaghan tribe, or canoe-dwellers, have sunk from 2500 to 200; and that of the Onas from 2000 to 600, man, woman, and child. Should this rate of decrease continue, few, if any, members of either tribe will survive the next decade, and a fragment of the Stone Age of intense human interest will disappear altogether from our ken.

The Yaghans frequent chiefly the shores of the Beagle Channel, a sheltered passage of great beauty but little practical use, lying, as it does, half-way between the Magellan Straits and the Horn, its entrance blocked at either hand by dangerous reefs and racing tide-rips. These tribesmen are true canoe-dwellers, since they must search for ever the shores of otherwise barren islands for food, in the shape of mussels, fish, sea-fowl, or perhaps, by great good chance, a stranded seal or whale. Till the South American Mission established itself among them, they braved the rigours of the climate naked, save for a small, flat otter-skin, slung from the neck to the side where the wind happened to blow. The women, usually two, paddled the canoe from the stern. The man crouched in the bows, alert, harpoon in hand. In the centre of the canoe were piled other simple hunting-gear, babies, and a slab of shingled turf, on which smouldered the firebrands carried to each fresh halting-place.

For in the Land of the Horn, fire is a first necessity of human life; and from hundreds of tiny smoke-drifts, which lined the channels in the days when first Magellan and Drake passed on their way round the world, came the name "Tierra del Fuego," or Land of Fire.

In their unceasing struggle with the elements for a bare existence, the Yaghans have been forced to abandon all but the slightest mental equipment. They have evolved no faith, no god; they have no totem to bind them into one tribe, no headman to organise them in common defence or attack. They are still stationary at that microcosm of great empires—the family. They are a chatterbox tribe, and their language is a very complex one, with a regular grammar and upwards of 30,000 classified words. To each tiny bay, each unnoticed headland, they give a full descriptive name, which are the surnames of persons born in such spots. Shortly after birth the child is dipped in the icy sea, to render it more hardy. Their dead are buried without ceremony under rocks or in great midden-

heaps of mussel-shells which accumulate by an oft-frequented camp. Their name for death signifies simply "gone away," yet they have the instinctive dread of the wild animal for all dead things, and when one member of a family dies, all those who, having been born in the same spot, bear the same name, change it for some other. The departed are thereafter never mentioned, save in some roundabout fashion, for the Yaghans are apt at nicknames. The tribe has been decimated by white men's diseases, which are fostered by their passion for liquor—a weakness taken full advantage of by unscrupulous traders. Of the quality of drink supplied, it is sufficient to say that it can be bought for about sixpence per quart bottle at Ushuaia, the present seat of Argentine Government in the Beagle Channel.

Our second tribe, the Onas, are foot-Indians, living in the mountainous interior of the great island of which the Beagle Channel marks the southern boundary. Although they are thus in a sense islanders, they have no canoes, and cannot even swim, being dependent on the guanaco, which frequent the upper pastures, for food and general equipment, from their raw-hide water-bags to the strung sinews of their bows. An all-enveloping fur robe is their only covering, and this, when there is need for freer movement, the braves at once discard, standing clothed, like our own ancestors, in the primal simplicity of bow and arrows and paint. They use such pigments to aid their stalking, a science in which they are past masters. To hunt the guanaco they first colour themselves according to

the ground over which they must move—e.g., white when on snowfields, yellow among dry pampa grass, slate-colour with red spots when among lichen-covered rocks. Their amusement consists in wrestling and in long races, perhaps to a hill-top ten miles distant. This last is a severe test of endurance, for in the valleys the Fuegian forest is carpeted with rotten tree-trunks and



THE FURRIER'S ART AMONG THE YAGHANS: PREPARING A SEA-OTTER'S FUR.

The Yaghan women cure the sea-otter's fur by rubbing it with pumice-stone to extract the small hairs.

AT THE WORLD'S END.—EXPIRING RACES: THE YAGHANS, OR CANOE-DWELLERS, AND THE ONAS OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

DRAWINGS BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM MATERIALS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. W. S. BARCLAY.



FISHING BY THE YAGHANS, THE TRIBE PLACED BY DARWIN LOWEST IN THE HUMAN SCALE.

The Yaghans use the fishhook made of bone, and a line of gut. With this the fish is hooked in the gullet, and is then brought to the boat under the gill.



THE ARGENTINE GOVERNMENT POST IN THE BEAGLE CHANNEL: USHUAIA.

This is the civil prison of Argentina. Of the population of two hundred, ninety-eight are convicts. The place is very healthy. During a recent period of three years only one man died, and he met his end by being stabbed.



A PATHWAY ON THE TREE-TOPS: ONAS MAKING THEIR WAY ALONG THE TOP OF THE TANGLED BEECH-TREES.

The beeches, the only trees in Tierra del Fuego, grow very stunted and tangled on the higher lands, to reach which the hunters must scramble along the matted tree-tops. Near the sea the forests are penetrable, and the trees grow to a height of about fifty feet.



IN THE MAGELLAN STRAITS: A TYPICAL SCENE.

The voyage through the Straits of Magellan is peculiarly arduous, owing to violent adverse winds and tides. It is curious that Sir Francis Drake should have accomplished it in sixteen days, which even at the present day constitute a sailing record.



THE CURIOUS SLEEPING ARRANGEMENTS OF THE ONAS: DOGS AS A MEANS OF WARMTH.

The Onas sleep in the open air with their feet to the fire. The adults huddle together under guanaco-skins, on the top of which the dogs are trained to lie in order to give additional warmth. The babies, wrapped in guanaco-skins, are placed to rough little ladders stuck in the ground to protect the infants from damp.



TYPICAL WINTER SCENE AT USHUAIA.

The seat of the Argentine Government in the Beagle Channel is on the corresponding isothermal line to Edinburgh, but the average cold is twenty degrees more.



PROCURING THEIR SOLE SUBSISTENCE: ONAS HUNTING THE GUANACO.

The guanaco supplies the Onas with food and clothing. The tribesmen are most skilful stalkers, and devote their squares to hunting in the arctic fastlands.

[SEE THE ARTIST.]



A FARM AT THE WORLD'S END: A STRIP OF GRAZING GROUND IN THE BEAGLE CHANNEL.

On the channel frontage there is only a narrow strip of grazing ground, to which the cattle come in summer. In winter they browse on a succulent shrub which grows among the tangled beeches.



ARCHERY PRACTICE AT LIVING TARGETS: A SPORT OF THE ONA DOWNMEN.

The Onas' favourite method of archery practice is to shoot at a comrade who guards himself with his guanaco-skin. A short distance from the point of the arrow is fixed a protective button to arrest the shaft in its passage through the skin.

spongy moss, while, as the wood approaches the snow-line, it is dwarfed and twisted into the intricacy of a box-hedge, and further progress is only possible by scrambling over the tops of the trees. The men also practise with the bow, at times acting themselves as moving targets for each other. The general physique of the Onas, and especially their keenness of sight and hearing, are developed to an extraordinary degree; for to the Ona his body is a religion, and any bodily defect a disgrace. Their system of courtship is Spartan. The man hands his chosen bride his hunting-bow. Its return by her own hand signifies acceptance without more to-do; and the girl is used to accept promptly, otherwise she may receive in her calf or thigh, as a light remonstrance, one of her suitor's long birch arrows with its beautifully chipped glass head. The material for the important task of arrow-head making is plentifully supplied by the bottles thrown away near white settlements, and is now accepted by the up-to-date Ona as a definite improvement on the laborious flint of his forefathers.

The tie of comrade or brother is far stronger with the Onas than that linking man and wife. The men have a superstition that formerly the women had the upper hand, while the men were forced to do camp drudgery. So on reaching manhood they bind themselves to a kind of freemasonry, whose object is to impose subjection on the women by personifying, on fit occasions, the watchful spirits with which they have peopled the woods and lakes, the mists and mountains, whose companionship is all they have of home. Behind his Indian reserve, however, the Ona is of a frank and—for a savage—kindly disposition, and especially fond of little children. As the Ona youngsters grow up, they listen in the long, winter nights to tales which have been handed down of a bygone time when all the members of Nature's great family, sun and moon, bird, beast, and man, walked and talked together. It is noticeable that such stories have no taint of the disgusting animalism which pervades every Yaghan tale.

This is the Ona story of Querr - Prrh, the Parroquet; and why the birch-trees in Tierra del Fuego turn red—

In the time of long ago young Camshoat set out upon a long journey alone, as is the custom of the Ona in order that his limbs might harden and that he might grow up to be a great hunter. He travelled far from Onaland, keeping his face ever to the North, and when he came back he told how in the land where he had been the leaves of Hanis, the birch-tree,

fell off in winter, and before they fell they first turned red. But all his people laughed, saying that Camshoat told lies to make a boast of his long journeys; for could they not see for themselves that there was only one kind of tree in the world, whose leaves were ever green? When he heard them laughing, Camshoat was very angry, because he knew that he had spoken only truth. Once more he travelled to that country in the North, and this time when he came back it was in the form of the first parroquet, whose back is as green as the green leaves, but whose breast is blood-red. Each year he makes the long journey, going and coming; and wherever he perches on the trees he paints them red with his red breast, while he calls to the folk who pass below, "Querr. . . .!" What do you say to this? Now you see I tell no lies. Prrh. . . .!"

Before we pass judgment on the Fuegian tribes, let us



THE LION SEAL AT HOME: A COLONY ON NEW YEAR'S ISLAND.

consider their later surroundings. English sheep-farmers, crossing from the Patagonian mainland, first fenced off the best northern grazing grounds. This brought about raids by the Indians on the tame "white guanaco" of the farmers, with savage reprisals, carried to the bitterest extremity by both sides. In the south, the Argentine Government established at Staten Island a military penal settlement, and at Ushuaia a civil convict-prison. Service rendered in Tierra del Fuego still counts as double time with Argentine officials. From the Chilean town of Sandy Point, the trading centre of the Magellan Straits—which may be best described as the Port Said of South America—sailed schooners fitted out for fur-trading with the canoe-Indians, gold-washing on the more exposed beaches to the south-east, and seal-poaching round the Horn. The scourgings of a continent flocked to this trade; above and with it all was the pitiless climate, keeping human vitality at its lowest ebb, and prompt to crown each mishap. Tierra del Fuego lies within the same degrees of latitude South that England does in the North; but its average temperature is twenty degrees colder; nor is it fenced and comforted by the presence of a great and peopled continent. It is but a narrow breakwater of granite rock thrust out between two oceans toward the lone world of Antarctic ice. So stands to-day the Land of the Horn, drear and desolate for all its wild grandeur, buffeted by ever-rolling breakers, as its children are buffeted by fate, till, as the departing voyager strains the eye and the imagination to see beyond, both vanish together into an unknown sea.



GLACIER IN BEAGLE CHANNEL.

The glacier is four thousand feet high and drops in a sheer cliff into the Channel.



NATURAL EFFERVESCENT MINERAL WATER IN TIERRA DEL FUEGO.

This spring was discovered at half-tide mark in Ushuaia Bay. Champagne-bottles were filled with it and fastened, but it blew out the corks in ten minutes. It also burst a demijohn. The spring, which contains iron, flows at the rate of a pint in ten seconds.



THE ARGENTINE MILITARY PENAL SETTLEMENT: COOK BAY, STATEN ISLAND.

The percentage of moisture in the atmosphere at Cook Bay has registered 98, a near approach to water. The officials' period of service counts double. A cabbage planted in good soil could boast only six leaves at the end of two years.

MILKING BY ELECTRICITY, AND OTHER MECHANICAL POWER.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER, AT THE WORKS OF THE DAIRY OUTFIT COMPANY, AND (SKETCHES 4 AND 5) FROM THE INVENTION OF MR. G. S. PADFIELD.



1. THE LAWRENCE-KENNEDY COW-MILKER, WORKABLE BY ANY MOTIVE POWER—STEAM, OIL, GAS, ELECTRICITY, OR WATER.

EXPLANATION.—Connected by pipes with a vacuum containing-tank is the tube A. The other end of this tube is connected with the pulsator C, which rests upon the cone-shaped pail placed between the cows. From the pulsator two rubber tubes B B branch out right and left, one to each cow, and each tube is attached to four rubber cups C, which are fastened to the cow. When the vacuum cock is turned on the pulsator commences to work, and causes the cups to collapse and expand and thus extract the milk. The milk on its way to the pail can be seen passing through a glass trap or "indicator" D, which is protected by a wire cage. The

number of pulsations per minute can be regulated by the screws E, giving adjustability to the characteristics of each cow.

2. "WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE": MILKING WITHOUT HANDS.

3. THE LAWRENCE-KENNEDY MILKER IN USE, SHOWING THE VACUUM TANK AND THE ENGINE.

4. A NEW HAND-MILKING MACHINE, INVENTED BY MR. C. S. PADFIELD, BATH.

The machine is put under the cow on the right-hand side. The milk is drawn by the compression plates as the rollers revolve.

5. SECTION OF SAME.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE NUISANCE: METHODS OF THE MADNESS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



THE GOLD-SEEKERS OF GREAT BRITAIN BY DAY AND NIGHT.

The hiding by certain newspapers of money or medallions which the finders may exchange for coin of the realm, has sent forth bands of treasure-seekers to the outlying districts of the Metropolis and great towns. They have done considerable damage to property, and have caused serious annoyance, which at least one magistrate has said he will punish with imprisonment without the option of a fine. At Woolwich some diggers have been dispersed by cavalry.

£25 for an Idea. (Competition.)

Among the many competitions which are the order of the day, none, it is safe to say, can be easier or solved more quickly than this. All that is necessary is to think of a catchy phrase which shall be at once a definition and a recommendation of Odol. The individual—man, woman, or child—who finds the best phrase, the one which the Proprietors decide to use in their advertisements, will receive a cheque for £25. This phrase, which will be used for advertising Odol in the press and on posters, must be short—the shorter the better—and should show, first, that the daily cleansing of the mouth and teeth with an antiseptic mouth-wash is an absolute necessity, and secondly, that this can only be properly effected by using Odol.

It is surprising how many people who, while taking the greatest pains to keep their bodies clean, yet neglect the most important part—their mouth and teeth—which is much to be deplored when it is considered that these have such important functions to perform, the most important of which is the

proper mastication of the food, on which the conduct of the digestive organs so largely depends. If, therefore, the teeth are not kept clean and free from decay, the food which should go to nourish and strengthen the body cannot be digested as it should be. It is in the direction of such people, who do not realise the importance of this, that we wish to strike, and the phrase which we are trying to find will assist us. The more forcible and shorter it can be made the better.

Everybody knows to-day what Odol is—the best dentifrice and wash which science has yet invented for the cleansing and preservation of the teeth and mouth, and the only one recognised by the scientific world that will protect the teeth from decay, and which acts not only during the time of application, but for hours after use. We nevertheless enumerate below, in a brief form, the salient features of Odol, which, together with the above remarks, will assist in making up the phrase.

1. It is a well-known fact that fermentation and decomposition of the particles of food which may lodge between the teeth or on the gums are the causes of decay of the teeth and consequent impaired digestion.

2. To prevent decay of the teeth, the mouth and teeth must be cleaned with an antiseptic mouth-wash, which can penetrate into every cavity, no matter how small.

3. Odol is not only such an antiseptic mouth-wash, but, more than that, it remains active for several hours after it has been used. It is absorbed by the gums, which it thus keeps perfectly fresh and sweet, so that two, or at

the most three, cleansings with this preparation are all that are necessary to keep the mouth absolutely antiseptic and pure for the whole twenty-four hours.

4. So far from this becoming tiresome, it is a pleasure to which the user of Odol always looks forward, for the flavour is so delicious and refreshing. Indeed, Odol is to the mouth what a bath is to the whole body, while the fragrance it imparts can only be likened to that of a bath in which rare perfumes have been blended.

5. It is especially to those who are not rich, who need to keep in the best possible health, that they may do their

daily work in the most efficient way, and with the least expenditure of energy, that Odol will appeal, for a flask for half-a-crown will last for several months.

6. There is not a civilised country in which Odol is not known as the greatest preparation for the teeth and mouth in the world, and the millions of bottles of Odol which are sold every year afford an irrefragable proof of the universality of its use as it is of the favour with which it has been received. These two facts, indeed, speak louder than anything else of the excellence of the preparation, which can only be compared to itself, for it has no parallel.

£25 will be awarded to the competitor supplying the best phrase.

As an inducement, and in order to encourage the public generally to participate in this competition, two other prizes will also be awarded—viz.: A 2nd Prize of £10 and a 3rd Prize of £5 for the next best phrases in order of merit.

N.B.—The phrases which secure either of these prizes are to be the property of the Proprietors of the Odol Chemical Works, who further reserve to themselves the right to make use of any of the other phrases submitted which they consider suitable for publication, on payment to the author of one guinea.

The following are the Conditions.

1. In case several persons should send the same phrases as those securing either of the prizes, the awards will be given to the competitors whose envelopes are the first to be opened. All envelopes will be registered and numbered as they are received, and in accordance with this system they will be opened.

2. Competitors may send in as many phrases as they please, but each one must be kept distinct and will be judged independently.

3. The decision of the Managers of the Odol Chemical Works must be taken as final.

after, giving the names of the successful competitors, who will immediately receive the respective cheques.

£25 for a few words

4. The phrases must be forwarded by post, enclosed in an envelope clearly marked "Phrase Competition," and addressed to the Advertising Manager, Odol Chemical Works, 26, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.

5. Each competitor's name and address must be distinctly written below the phrase or phrases submitted.

6. This competition closes Feb. 29, and the results will be published soon.

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"PRINCE'S PLATE" Guaranteed for 30 Years.

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Plate Chests, Spoons and Forks,
and Table Cutlery, Post Free.

LADIES' PAGE.

Great novelty will mark the next charity entertainment that is to be offered to the London public. It is a fête on original lines to be held at Claridge's Hotel in aid of the funds of the League of Mercy. The Princess of Wales is the patroness, and has fixed Feb. 15 and 16 for the dates; the Prince has promised to accompany her Royal Highness to the performance on one of the evenings, probably the first of the two dates. In the afternoons there is to be a café chantant, and the excellent plan has been decided upon of permitting the tables for tea to be engaged in advance. The



A USEFUL SERGE DRESS.

evening performance is a theatrical one; a pantomime is part of the attraction, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, who has a charming tenor voice; his sister, Lady Maud Warrender, who is a contralto; and several other well-known talented amateurs are helping to make the affair really worth attending, apart from its good object.

Arrangements for the wedding of Princess Alice of Albany are now complete. The King has ordered that, as far as is possible, the marriage of these junior members of the royal family shall be regarded as a domestic and not a public affair, as this event will set a precedent in some respects for others of a similar kind that may be expected in time to come. It has been decided to invite to the ceremony only personal friends and the personages of State importance who are always asked to such events, and there will be no alterations in the chapel to allow of more than its usual complement of seats being provided. The bridal dress is of white satin, trimmed with a quantity of fine lace, while the bridesmaids are to wear blue touched with silver and wreaths of forget-me-nots and roses. The King is giving the young royal couple a splendid service of silver-gilt plate for the table; every piece is engraved with their arms and monogram. The Empress Eugénie's gift will harmonise on the dinner-table, as it is a handsome silver-gilt rose-bowl.

Velvet is always a fashionable material in the winter months, and its virtues are more appreciated than ever now that the manufacturers have deprived it of all stiffness. The new fabric, mousseline velours, which has all the surface of velvet, with the softness and draping quality of crêpe-de-Chine, is an altogether admirable production. Lady Warwick selected this for the long, wide coat of creamy tint that she wore at her daughter's wedding; it was of a real cream colour—a slightly yellow tone of white; and, trimmed with an abundance of lovely lace and worn with a sable stole and a hat of pale-brown gathered chiffon trimmed with shaded ostrich-feathers, it was an enhancement of the graceful appearance of her dress of striped satin gauze, with yoke of point d'Alençon embroidered with silver. Velvet was much in favour with the other people present. Among those wearing it was

the bridegroom's mother, who chose a rather bright shade of green relieved by a lace vest, and a green hat with pink velvet and violets for trimming. Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, Lady Warwick's sister, wore a very pretty gown in periwinkle-blue velvet, trimmed with bands of embroidery on cloth of the same shade, with a deep collar of point lace. Theresa Countess of Shrewsbury had a handsome grey velvet gown with a cape of the same; and Lady Maitland was in black velvet. Nor must the bridesmaids' effective touches of velvet be overlooked; their rich red velvet "early Victorian" scarves, and rosettes of the same material on their wide hats of white beaver, were a happy addition to the soft pure white of their satin and chiffon dresses. Most of the guests at the Warwick wedding who did not wear velvet patronised soft, supple face-cloths.

Feeling the inclemency and disagreeableness of the London climate as all Londoners do in winter, it comes as something of a surprise to be told on the highest authority that we have one of the healthiest cities in the world to dwell within. The rate of mortality last year, so the London County Council's report informs us, was only 17·2 per thousand, and the year before it was a trifle lower. These are the lowest rates ever recorded for the Metropolis. The wet weather has evidently agreed with us. The lack of heat, which we grumbled about, has been generally healthy, but especially beneficial to little children, whose mortality rate has been lower in proportion than that of the older ages. A feather in our cap decidedly is the fact that London has had in the last ten years a lower infantile death-rate than any of the other big English towns except Bristol. Some credit for this should be given to the lady members of the London School Board, who have had many thousands of school-girls instructed in the management of infants. On the other hand, the birth-rate continues steadily to decline, last year being the lowest on record since registration began. But perhaps the most interesting of the facts brought out in the report is the advantage of living a little out of London. Beckenham, for instance, has a death-rate of only seven per thousand, and Hampstead about the same. Women, so Dr. Murphy, the medical officer of the London County Council, informs us, benefit even more than men by living in places like Hampstead; but I suspect that this means that the women inhabitants do more completely live out there, while the men come to business for hours daily into the City's more close and foggy atmosphere. Women who are saved by good husbands from the stress and peril of business life ought to realise how much cause they have to be thankful for their ease and safety.

When a wife does face the world for herself, and makes her way in a profession by that combination of talent and persevering work which is needed for such success, it is surely fair and just that she should be able to do so in freedom. It appears that in this respect Englishwomen are better off than their French sisters, for the claim of Madame Réjane's husband that he can force her to give up the stage by "withdrawing his authorisation" for her to appear, seems to be good law in that country. Moreover, there is no married women's property law to protect a French wife's earnings. This proposal to relegate Réjane to obscurity by an arbitrary marital decree having unquestioned sovereignty, reminds me of the case of Mrs. Siddons. In her day there was no law in England to allow a married woman to own her earnings; and the husband of Mrs. Siddons was in the habit of squandering the bulk of the property of his wonderful wife on his bad speculations. There exists a very pathetic letter of hers begging him to leave her some little provision for her old age out of the fortune that she was making. The last relic of Mrs. Siddons in London is about to be destroyed, by the way. Her "little cottage in the country" was at Westbourne Park, and this was pulled down by the Great Western Company some years ago; and now the house in which she resided in Upper Baker Street, is to be destroyed for a railway extension.

Hair-dressing for young women is usually done at the nape of the neck, retaining the Pompadour front or a lower rolled wave on the brow as suits the face. A charming addition to the coiffure for evening wear has been produced by the very artistic and ever-fashionable Parisian Diamond Company, in the form of what they call "the Juliet net." It is so made as to cover the back of the head between the high front and the low back dressing of the hair. It is a charming adornment, composed of fine gold threads making a network with a small and glittering diamond set at each crossing of the golden web. All round it is provided with tiny holes to pass the hairpins through, by which means it is fixed in position. It is a most becoming and original adornment, and the price is only three pounds: one would have supposed that the mere fine workmanship would have cost more. For the dressing of hair also there are to be seen at the Parisian Diamond Company's places, 85, New Bond Street; 143, Regent Street; 37, 38, and 43, Burlington Arcade, W., a selection of diamond-headed combs of all varieties of shape; some for finishing off the top of the low coils of the tresses, others designed to pass round a high coiffure and keep it tucked in nicely, at the same time adding the prettiness of light tortoiseshell and jewelled scroll-work in Louis XV. and other graceful designs. Enamel plays a large part in many of the newest ornaments here, the prevailing fashions in jewellery being always kept up with, at very low prices for workmanship as fine and finished as that of the best London or Paris jewellers.

Veils are a feature of the costume of most women again, after being in a measure dropped from our fashions last summer. The wide hat did not lend itself agreeably to the veil that was drawn close to the face. But the new fashion in the way of attendant veils for

wide-brimmed flat-crowned hats is to wear the meshes of the protective fabric well away from the countenance, hanging loose all round from the brim of the hat, leaving the wearers of toques to continue to patronise the close-fitting veil. With a wide hat, or with a boat-shaped one, or a Marquise—any hat, in fact, that does not mount up at the side or draw back from the brow—a loosely falling veil is by far the most fashionable. To most women a veil is decidedly becoming, giving just the touch of mystery and the light shading of the complexion that are desirable for effect. In windy and dusty weather it is more than becoming, being really necessary to maintain a tidy appearance. Especially is this the case now on the lovely Corniche road of the Riviera: the motoring along that road nowadays is almost processional, the speed is great, and to walk or drive without a veil is to be suffocated with the dust. Speaking of the delightful South reminds me of the charming supplement illustrating that delicious region that the *Lady's Pictorial* issued last week (Jan. 23). These pictures will equally interest those who have spent winters at Nice, Monte Carlo, or Mentone by recalling memories, and those who do not yet know from personal experience how enchanting it is to be there.

One material laid on another by way of trimming is a marked feature of the fashion of the day. Cloth bands or appliqué designs of cloth on velvet gowns, or the precise reverse, velvet cut out in points or patterns laid upon cloth, or silk used for edging cloth, or bands of cloth, looking a little out of place in themselves, but indubitably up-to-date, on silk skirts—here is a fancy of the moment which is likely to maintain its popularity. Such decoration is seen on the capes or collars or pelerines of the bodices, as well as in the shape of bands round or down the skirts. In the last-mentioned situation, too, scallops of the material of the gown, bound round with the trimming fabric, as, for instance, cloth edged with silk, are adopted. Ribbon makes good strappings or bands, and can be had in such variety that there is no difficulty in meeting the requirements in the way of colour or relief of the dress material. One of our illustrations shows bands of embroidery applied to smarten a blue serge dress. The other is a sweet little pink evening frock; the material is chiffon, and it is trimmed with tiny Banksia roses, and their green leaves.

Many of my readers have personal experience of the excellence of the Wilson cooking range, either in



A PRETTY PINK CHIFFON FROCK.

the large sizes that are invaluable for hotels and great establishments or the smoke-preventing and economical smaller forms of the same manufacture. Others who contemplate trying the economical and serviceable virtues of these well-known ranges must take notice that the Wilson Engineering Company's address is in future 259, High Holborn, their previous premises having been taken by the County Council for the new street.

FILOMENA.

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The *Medical Magazine* says: "Without exception the most popular Cocoa of the day; we are glad to give it the highest praise. For Strength, Purity, and Nourishment there is nothing superior to be found."

COCOA

ART NOTES.

Mr. Norman Garstin is an artist whose praises visitors to Penzance and the outlying Newlyn have sounded in the ears of Londoners; and now Londoners have the opportunity of seeing his handiwork. A decade of years ago he exhibited in the Royal Academy oil-pictures which had all of the approved pattern of Newlyn canvas, and something more of grace. Then his name was missed from catalogues, and one met it in art-magazines, signing fresh and deft articles with his own black-and-white illustrations. Then his name reappeared on a circular announcing the founding of an Art School at Penzance under his auspices; so that he seemed to be able to play in real life as many parts as he appeared in on the amateur stage; for, like Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Garstin has quite uncommon excellence as an actor. Yet to many Mr. Norman Garstin was a name, no more, and the Fine Art Society has done good business for everybody by bringing together a roomful of his water-colour drawings, made in Normandy, in Brittany, in Holland. Mostly of landscape, they have the brilliance of out-of-door sunshiny effects, or the freshness of grey and clouded ones. If he paints indoors the windows are open. There is not one of his scenes of which you feel as you look at it that were you transported thither, you would be suffocated, that you would be stifled to death because there is no air to breathe. Only those who, on going through the landscapes of most exhibitions, die this death, in imagination, can give Mr. Garstin full credit as a painter of fresh air, of atmosphere which is not palpable but rather felt. And, in fact, his figures do live; moreover, they are intelligently drawn. It is unnecessary to name this or that drawing where the rule of general excellence is so well observed.

Oil-paintings, water-colours, black-and-white drawings, bookbindings, needlework, and decorative jewellery are all to be seen at the Grafton Gallery, where women

are holding an International Exhibition on their own account. Mrs. Cayley Robinson's "Baskets Decorated in Gesso" demand a word of praise; and other exhibitors of merit are Mrs. Eastlake, Miss Kinsella, Mrs. Joseph, Miss Moloney, Miss Amy Sawyer, Miss Alice Robertson, Miss Atwood, Miss Leese, and Miss Elizabeth Nourse. Women, even if they band together for the

There cannot be more than a few men or a few women in any generation who can excel in art; in some generations there has been no excellence at all. If these do not happen to exhibit, a show on the lines of sex is likely to be rather misleading. We cannot imagine an exhibition of man's work in which the few men of ours who can paint were not represented; and the Women's International must add four or five names from its lists, now conspicuously absent, if it would not present to the public in its name something like a challenge which its own camp has not taken up.

Women have not adventured far into the field of church decoration, and much interest, therefore, must attach to the announcement we are able to make that Mrs. Stanhope Forbes has been commissioned to make four cartoons for the Church of St. Ignatius at Stamford Hill.

There is, according to rumours, some prospect that the International Society of Painters and Gravers may gain an accession of strength from an amalgamation with the New English Art Club. London rents and London taxes are not easily met by the shillings of a public not vastly interested in art; and where artists of similar ideals, though it may be of very different methods, can be brought together, ways and means become a less pressing anxiety. Opinions may differ as to which of the contracting parties will be the larger gainers by such a union; but the really important question is whether, when united, these two groups of painters will exercise a more powerful influence on the art of England than in separation. Of the reply we cannot see that there can be any doubt; and being among those who regret that the object-lesson given in Regent Street to Burlington House is a somewhat disappointing one this winter, we hail with pleasure the rumour of negotiations which have yet to pass through difficult stages before they arrive at realisation.

W. M.



IN THE CORNISH RIVIERA: FOWEY, THE ORIGINAL OF "Q's" "TROY TOWN."

The Great Western Railway has published a most interesting pamphlet on Cornwall as a health and pleasure resort in winter. The view here reproduced is one of the many pleasant illustrations given in the guide-book in question.

purposes of an exhibition, do not ask that their work may be judged by any standard but that of excellence; they do not seek to take advantage of their sex; yet that carries its very obvious disadvantages. The proportion of ineffectual work does not seem to be much, if any, larger at the Grafton than it is at all current exhibitions of mixed work of men and women.

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the whole world over*

*upon the Millions
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Rub it on the clothes, roll them up,
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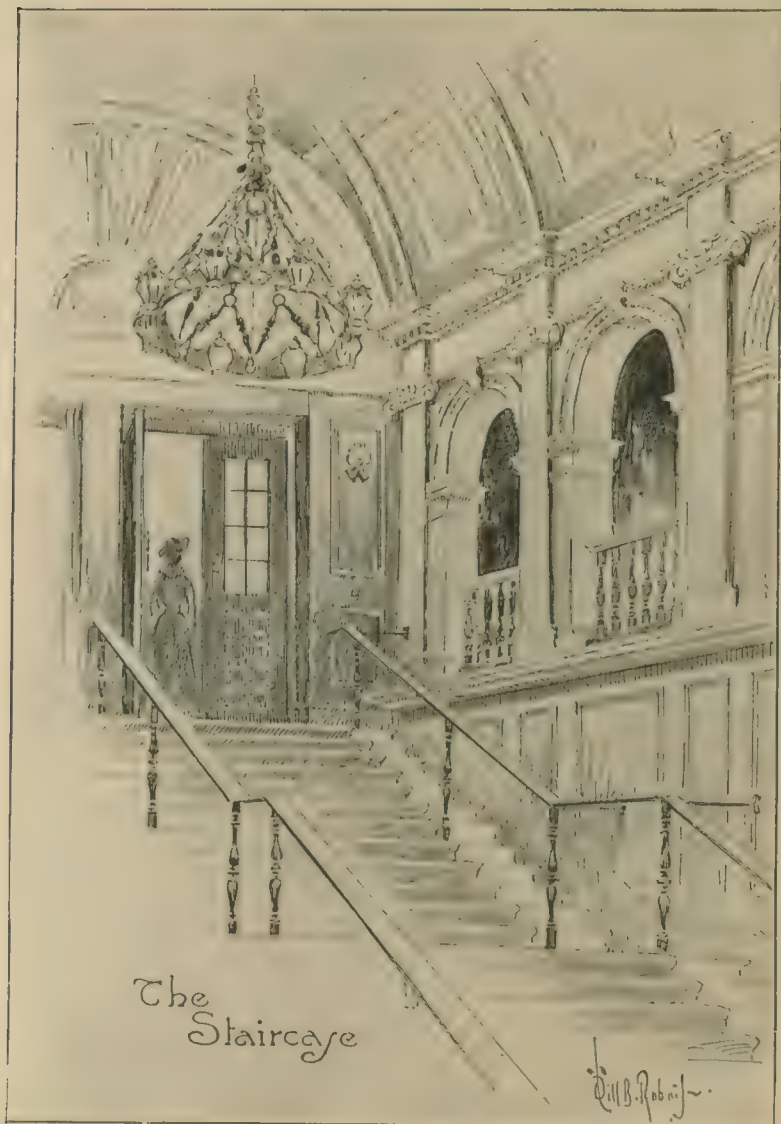
Sunlight Soap

that saves all the hard labour washing involves, and it's no dearer than common soaps.

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The Staircase

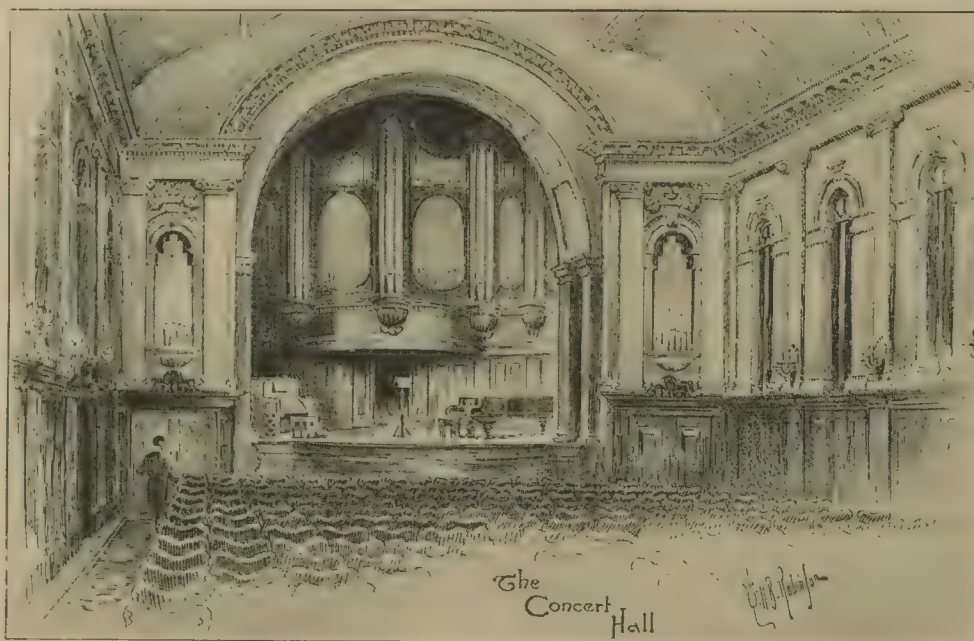
THE PROGRESS OF MUSIC BY MACHINERY: AEOLIAN HALL, THE NEW CONCERT-ROOM OF THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY IN BOND STREET.

DRAWN BY W. B. ROBINSON.

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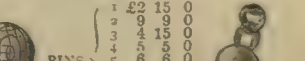
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A MESS CENTREPIECE.

The Officers' Mess of the 2nd Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment has just been presented with a very fine silver centrepiece illustrative of the regimental history. On the top is a group representing King George II. on the field of Dettingen handing to an officer of the regiment an oak-branch as a mark of his approbation. On the sides are panels, one depicting the "Death of Wolfe," and the other the "Battle of Meeanee," while at the base are four figures portraying regimental types at different periods. The trophy was made by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Limited, silversmiths, of 156, New Bond Street, to the order of the Colonel and officers of the 2nd Battalion, pursuant to the bequest of the late Colonel W. F. Curteis, C.B.

The Great Northern Company announce that from Feb. 1 next, in view of the opening of the Great Northern and City line, season tickets, which at present give the holders the right to travel either to Broad Street or Moorgate Street, will also be made available to the Metropolitan Company's station at Bishopsgate without extra charge. The Great Northern City passengers, both season and ordinary, will be entitled to use the Metropolitan Company's trains between Bishopsgate and King's Cross, in addition to the present service of Great Northern trains to and from Moorgate Street.



REGIMENTAL HISTORY IN SYMBOLS: A MESS CENTREPIECE.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London has been preaching every Sunday during January, and drew an immense crowd, both at the Abbey and at St. Paul's, Portman Square. He expects to be in town till after Easter, and has many pulpit engagements.

The Bishop of Rochester, who has been staying at the British Embassy in Berlin, was presented to the Kaiser by Sir Frank Lascelles.

The Duke of Devonshire is taking an active interest in the proposed restoration of the historic church of All Saints, at Derby. At a meeting held in the County Hall last week he remarked that the church had considerable claims on himself, as it contains the monument not only of the famous Bess of Hardwick, but of other members of his family. The county of Derby could not be indifferent to the importance of keeping its oldest church in good repair. The tower of All Saints', which is more than four hundred years old, is to undergo thorough repair. Sir Alfred Haslam, M.P., who spoke at the meeting, said no church in England had such a magnificent tower as All Saints', Derby.

No appointment has yet been made to the vacant bishopric of Brisbane. The Rev. Bernard Wilson refused, it is said, to be nominated on the ground that he is unwilling to leave his important work at Portsea. Bishop

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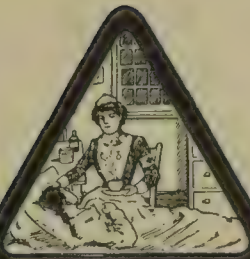
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THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., 65 Gt. Russell St., LONDON, W. C.; 161 Clarence St., SYDNEY.
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Wellson has lately been travelling in New Zealand for the sake of his health.

Canon Gough expects to sail from Southampton for Cape Town on the Saturday after Easter in company with the first band of missionaries. He will be engaged in the diocese of Grahamstown during the months of May and June, and expects to set out for home in the month of July. During his absence Newcastle Cathedral will be in charge of Canon Southwell.

The Bishop of Durham, speaking at the consecration of the new church of St. Oswald, Hartlepool, deeply deplored the growing indifference to religion. Even the bookstalls of the railway-stations, Dr. Moule remarked, are literally heaped with literature which seeks to destroy the religion and faith of the ignorant Christian.

Canon Scott Holland has been suffering from the effects of over-work, and has been ordered to take a few weeks' rest. Prebendary Bernard Reynolds took his place at St. Paul's Cathedral on the second Sunday after the Epiphany, and the Rev. Wilfred Richmond, Warden of Glenalmond, was the preacher on the following Sunday.

The Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Huddersfield, is retiring from the pastorate of Highfield Chapel, which he has held for half a century. At a meeting last week a handsome clock was presented to Dr. Bruce by ministers and other friends in the town, and reference was made to his important work on the School Board. V.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1901), with two codicils, of the Right Hon. Montagu William, Lord Rowton, K.C.V.O., C.B., of 17, Berkeley Square, who died on Nov. 9, was proved on Jan. 19 by Captain Noel Armar Lowry-Corry, D.S.O., Grenadier Guards, the nephew, and Henry Manisty, the executors, the value of the estate being £183,612. Lord Rowton specially requests his executors to ask Mr. Arthur E. Scanes to set his papers and manuscripts in order, and to select and set apart such of them as in his opinion ought to go with the papers of Lord Beaconsfield, and in the event of his undertaking this duty he gives to him £250; and all such papers as shall be so set apart are to be delivered to the person entitled to Lord Beaconsfield's papers. The testator gives £20,000 to his niece Berta Mary de Bunsen; £5000 each to his nephews Oscar Henry Lowry-Corry and Reginald Charles Lowry-Corry; £5000 each to his nieces Violet Edith Lowry-Corry and Gertrude Isabella, Lady Brooke; £1000 to his sister-in-law Alice Lowry-Corry; five hundred £10 shares in the Rowton House Company, in trust, for his nephew Stanlake Henry Batson; £1000 to the Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley; £1000 each to the Hon. Lionel and the Hon. Cecil Ashley, Lady Edith Ashley, and Victoria, Lady Templemore; £250 to Henry Manisty; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew Captain Noel Armar Lowry-Corry.

The will (dated March 16, 1897) of the Rev. Samuel Ashton Thompson-Yates, of 43, Phillimore Gardens, S.W., who died on Nov. 22, was proved on Jan. 15 by Richard Henry Thompson and Edward Phillips Thompson, the brothers, and Allen Heywood Bright and Edward Henry Luckock, the nephews, the value of the estate being £232,733. The testator gives certain of his pictures to the Walker Gallery (Liverpool); his freehold warehouses in King and Atherton Streets (Liverpool) to his nephew Allen Heywood Bright; £5000 each to his sister Anna Maria Thompson, his niece Elizabeth Phoebe Merivale, his nephew Arthur Mortimer Luckock, and George Samuel Rodie Thompson; £1000 to Mrs. Margaret Evelyn Arbuthnot; £500 each to Mary Holland, Evelyn Woodd, Dorothy Heywood, Arthur Maurice Woodward, and the Rev. Henry Beauchamp Hawkins; £200 each to Ezit Thompson, Annie Lucy Thompson, and Edith Bright; £4000 and a house in Dunsany Road to his butler, John Berry; and small legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephews and nieces.

The will of Mr. David Septimus Carr, of Hope Cottage, Twerton-on-Avon, Somerset, who died on Dec. 7, has been proved by Thomas Carr and the Rev. Andrew Richardson Carr, the brothers, the executors, the value of the estate being sworn at £142,895. The testator bequeaths £5000 to William George Johnson; £5000, in trust, for his niece Constance Mary Lloyd; an annuity of £52 to Sarah Moore; £2000 and

Messrs. Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, have issued a pamphlet, entitled "The Best Food for Infants," the perusal of which is strongly recommended to all interested in the rearing of infants. This particular food was first introduced by the above firm more than forty years ago, and its constantly extended use and increased reputation are sufficient proofs that it has been found to supply and satisfy in a perfectly natural manner the requirements of infant life. The booklet above mentioned contains a full account of the constituents of the food, which has the fullest approval of the first authorities in the medical profession, as well as much sound information of value to nurses and mothers.

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Soups are
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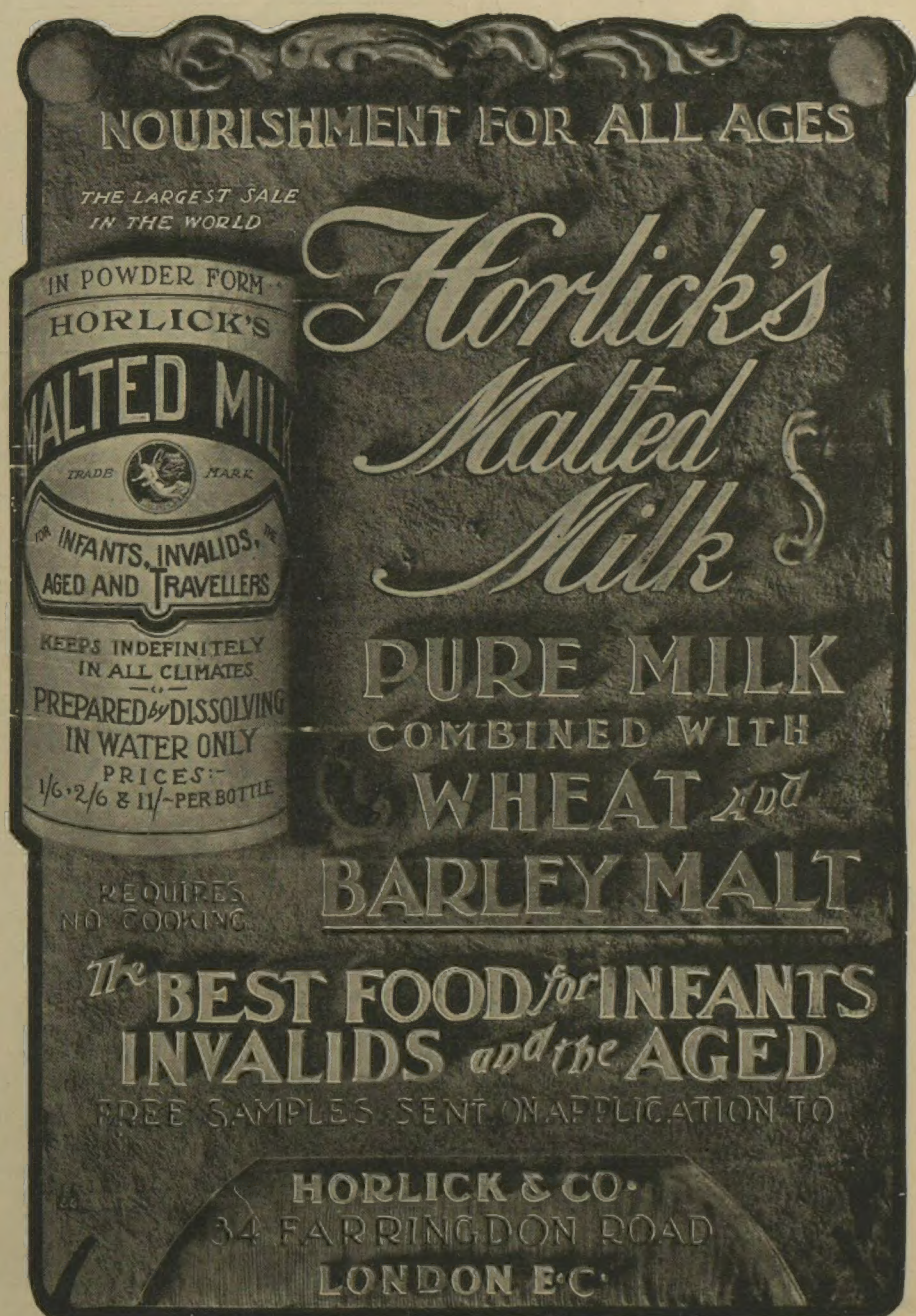


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his horses and poultry to his coachman, Job Parsons; and £100 to Ellen Hill. One eighth of the residue of his property he leaves to each of his brothers Jonathan, Thomas, William, and Andrew; one eighth each, in trust, for his sisters Louisa Florence Bailey, Elizabeth Clothier, and Emma Constance Lloyd; and one eighth to the children of his sister Annie Helena McClure.

The will and codicil (both dated Jan. 23, 1902) of Sir John Richard Robinson, of 4, Addison Crescent, Kensington, for many years manager of the *Daily News*, who died on Nov. 30, was proved on Jan. 5 by Oswald Richard Robinson, the son, Joseph Charles Parkinson, and Richard Robinson, the nephew, the executors, the value of the estate being £29,842. The

testator gives the silver plate, the portrait of himself, and the clock presented to him by the proprietors and staff of the *Daily News*, and all his books and papers, to his son; the household furniture, etc., to his daughter, Emily Jane; £500 to Miss Ida Deahl; £500 to his brother Frederick; £500 to his nephew Richard Robinson; £100 to his nephew Frederick Robinson; £100 each to his nieces Margaret and Florence Robinson; £100 to his former secretary and valued friend Sidney Moy Thomas; £1000 to his sister Hephzabah Scott; and £100 to Joseph Charles Parkinson. The residue of his property he leaves to his son and daughter.

The will (dated Jan. 12, 1903), with two codicils (dated Oct. 18 and Oct. 24, 1903), of Mr. Stuart

Cunningham Macaskie, K.C., Recorder of Sheffield, who died on Nov. 2, was proved on Jan. 7 by Mrs. Marion Macaskie, the widow, and James Griffiths Macaskie and Francis Cunningham Macaskie, the brothers, the value of the estate being £21,132. The testator gives £150 each to his three youngest children; a sum not exceeding £150 to his daughter Gladys, to equip her in books and instruments in her profession; and his chambers in Gray's Inn to his son Nicholas, he paying three fourths of the net rents and profits to his executors. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety thereof to his children; and the other moiety, in trust, for Mrs. Macaskie, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his children.



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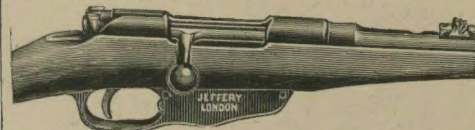
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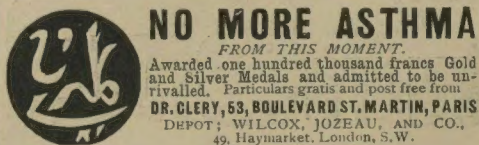
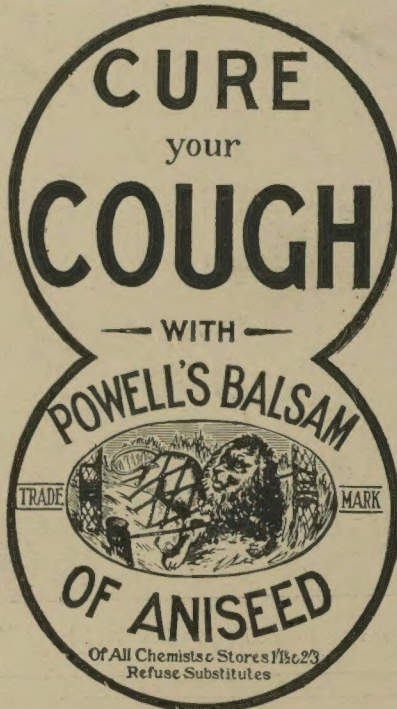
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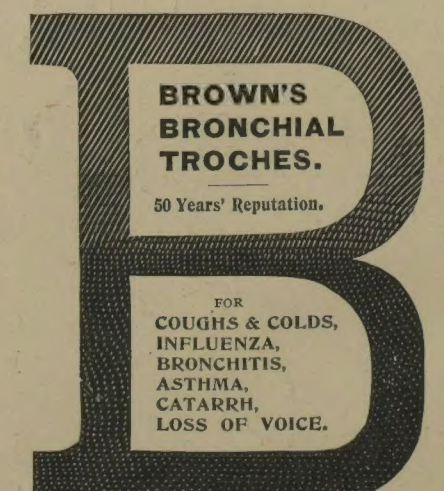
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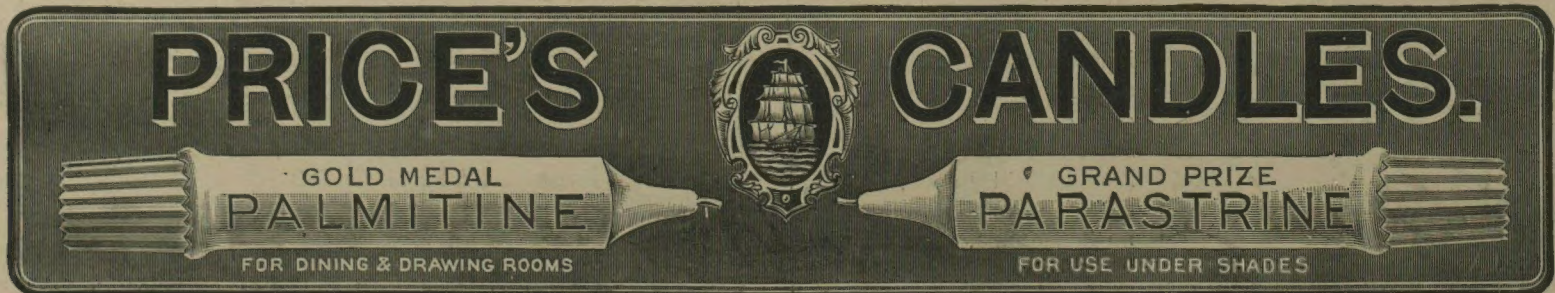
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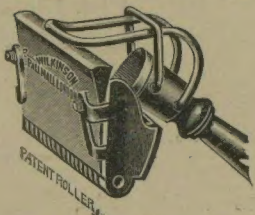
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It doesn't bite the hands, or "eat up" the clothes.

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Invaluable for
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Finest
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With this Invention a Roller is used instead of the ordinary fence or comb, giving a smooth rolling action over the face, and FEEDING THE LATHER ON TO THE CUTTING EDGE.

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The late Earl of Beaconsfield,

Sir Morell Mackenzie,

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and many other persons of distinction have testified to the remarkable efficacy of

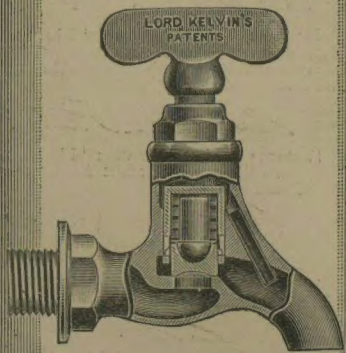
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INVENTED BY
LORD KELVIN
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GUARANTEED FOR 3 YEARS

NO PACKING
NO WASHERS
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SOLD IN MANY VARIETIES BY
PLUMBERS & IRONMONGERS,
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PALATINE ENGINEERING CO. LTD.

10, BLACKSTOCKS, LIVERPOOL

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THE MOST
POWERFUL
LIGHT



Cannot detect the slightest discoloration or decay upon
teeth cleaned with

Sozodont
TEETH & BREATH

Liquid 1/-

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Original Large Size (LIQUID AND POWDER TOGETHER) 2/6

DAINTY SAMPLES, WITH TREATISE, FREE IN STAMP.

HALL & RUCKEL, 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

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London Depot—MAISON TALBOT, 1, LONG ACRE.

THEY TOUCH THE LIVER



Absolutely Cure
BILIOUSNESS.
SICK HEADACHE.
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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

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Look for the Signature.

Small Pill.

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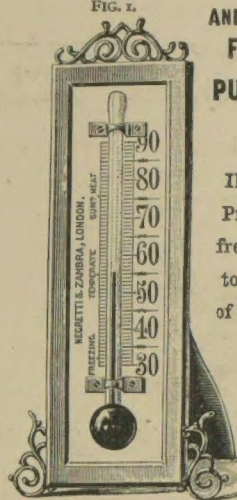
Brewster's Food

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S BAROMETERS & THERMOMETERS

Of Guaranteed Accuracy

FIG. 1.

AND
FOR ALL
PURPOSES.



Illustrated
Price Lists
free by post
to all parts
of the World.

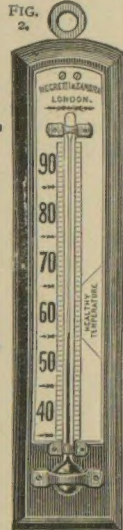


FIG. 1.—Sterling Silver-Mounted Thermometer, with Opal Glass

Scale, 31 in., 18/6; 5 in., 25/-

FIG. 2.—Sitting-Room and Bed-Room Thermometer, 8 in., porcelain

scale on oak back, with extra bold tube and open scale, 7/6 each.

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GREY HAIR

Prepared at Seeger's Hair Dye Laboratory, Berlin, "Seeger's Ol" far surpasses any French or English Dye in that it does not impart the ludicrous sage-green, or red, or coffee, tints which characterize other Dyes. It contains no lead, no mercury, no sulphur. It has simply to be combed into the hair and remains permanent and washable. The testimony of hundreds of users confirms the fact that it is absolutely innocuous. Medical guarantee with each bottle. State Shade Required. Bottles 3s. 6d., packed in plain wrapper, post free, 3s. 9d. Trial Bottle, post free, 7d.

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WILSON'S

COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.

A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf when all other devices fail and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and invisible; have no wire or string attachment. Write for Pamphlet. Mention this Paper.

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Drum in Position. D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

G. E. LEWIS' "THE GUN OF THE PERIOD."

AS AN EJECTOR.

Paris, 1878; Sydney

1879 and 1880;

Melbourne, 1880 and

1881; and Calcutta,

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Price from £15 15s.

Cross-bolt or my Treble-grip

Action.

The above is the latest development of "The Gun of the Period," fitted with the newest and best Patent Ejector, combined with G. E. Lewis' Treble Grip.

We also make this Gun as a Non-Ejector, with treble-grip or cross-bolt action, at 12 Guineas and upwards, or with top-lever and double-bolt from 10 Guineas.

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A Booklet giving many valuable recipes post free from the sole consignees—

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Ask for

HENNESSY'S THREE STAR BRANDY.

A standard of purity throughout the world
for upwards of half a century.

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Depends upon the quantity and
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When the tissues have been at work, there are thrown into the Blood waste products, and if these be not eliminated, but (through any cause) detained in the blood, they influence nutrition and function, and finally produce organic disease.

Such disease will appear in the form of ECZEMA, SCROFULA, BAD LEGS, BLOOD POISON, UGLY BLOTCHES and PIMPLES, or other kinds of SORES, also RHEUMATISM and GOUT. For forty years a Safe and Permanent Remedy for all Skin and Blood Diseases has been found in

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THE WORLD-FAMED BLOOD PURIFIER.

It is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising.

Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. A recent case is given below.

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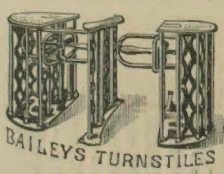
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Mr. E. COWELL, of 10, St. John's Quay, Dublin, writes: "Gentlemen,—Having suffered for a number of years from acute Rheumatism and tried so-called remedies out of number, including electric and massage treatment, without the slightest relief, I had nearly given up hope of being cured, and had practically made up my mind that my case was hopeless, when I was advised by a friend to try Clarke's Blood Mixture. I did so, believing at the time that it would be only one more of the many failures I had experienced, but I am proud to be able to testify 'unsolicited' to its wonderful effects. I experienced pronounced relief after the first bottle, and am now, after using four bottles, in perfect health, free from all pain. I will certainly recommend your medicine to anyone I know. I need hardly state that, owing to the nature of my employment, I meet many suffering as I did.—30/10/03."

Of all Chemists and Stores, 2/9 per bottle.

Ask for CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE, and beware of Worthless Imitations and Substitutes.

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TURRET CLOCKS,
TIDE GAUGES,
PRESSURE
RECORDERS,
CEMENT TESTERS,
BAKERS' GUIDES.

W. H. BAILEY & Co., Ltd.,
SALFORD, MANCHESTER.
LONDON: 16, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.

Goddard's Plate Powder

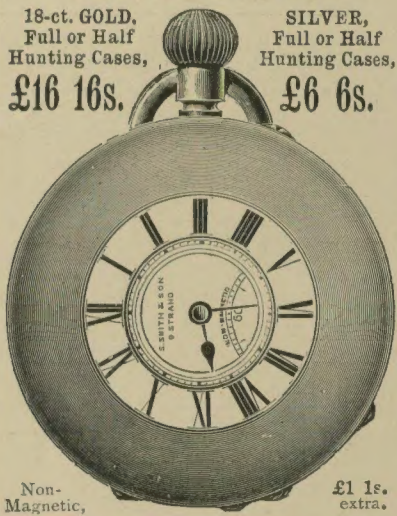
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Sold everywhere 1/- 2/6 & 4/6

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Only Makers of this Watch.

18-ct. GOLD,
Full or Half
Hunting Cases,
£16 16s.

SILVER,
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Non-Magnetic.

ALL ENGLISH, and fitted with our Patent Dust and Damp-proof Cap.

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As supplied to
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THIEF, DUST
AND DAMP
PROOF.

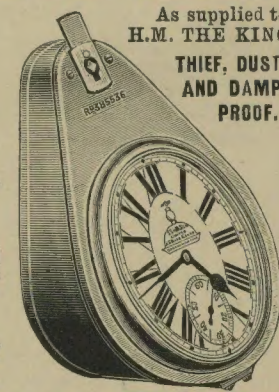
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CLOCKMAKERS,
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135 pages, 350 Illustrations, free.

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Our Regd. "STRAND" Motor
Timepiece in Nickel or Brass. Two
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Loss of Appetite,
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THE SKIN & COMPLEXION
FROM THE EFFECTS OF
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IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL
ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, TAN,
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DELIGHTFULLY SOOTHING AND
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